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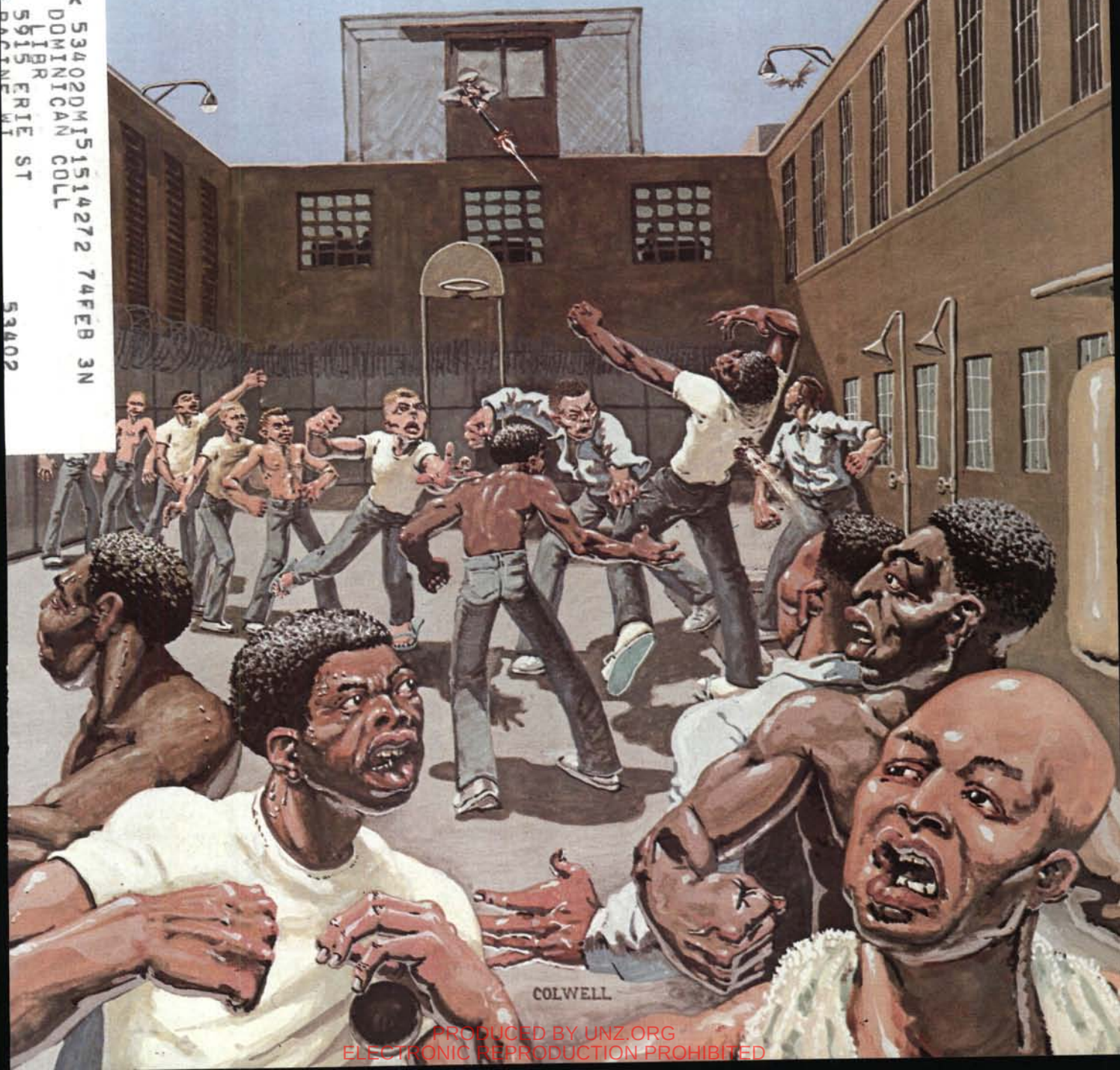

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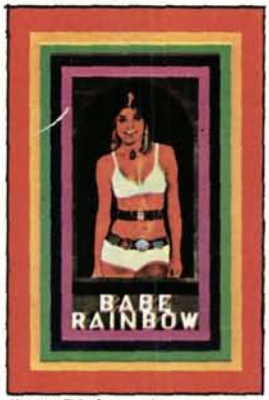

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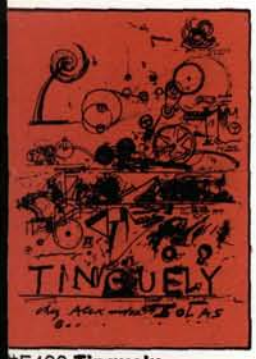

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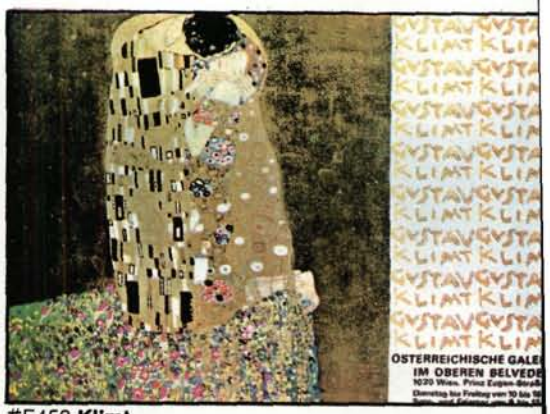

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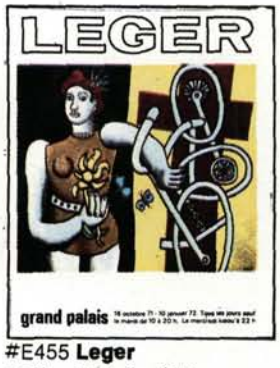

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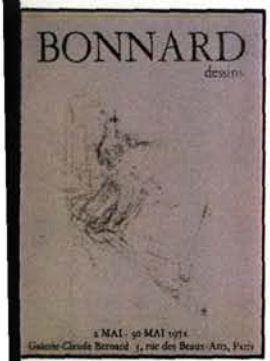

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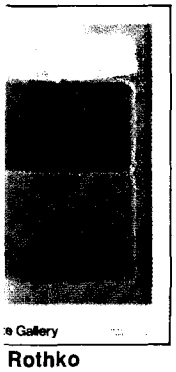

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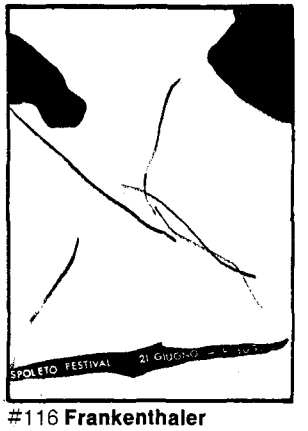

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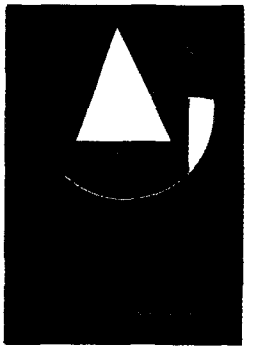

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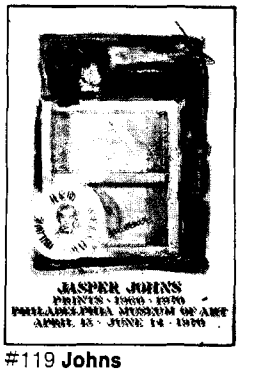

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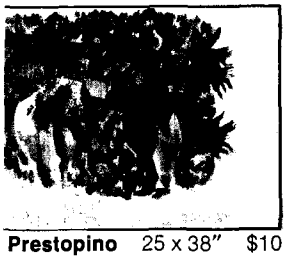

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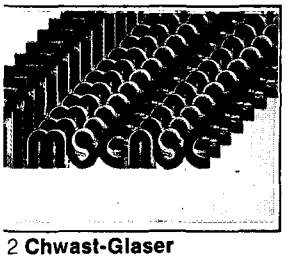

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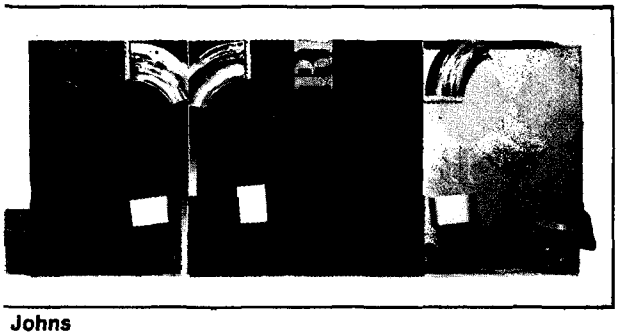

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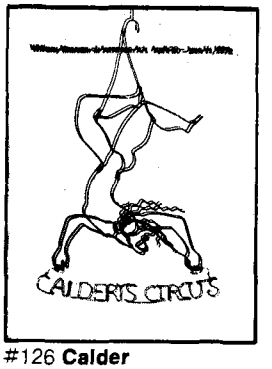

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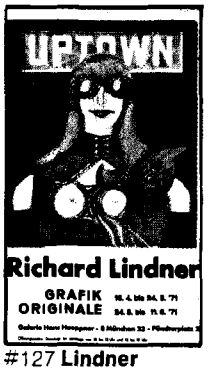

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LBJ: The Last Roundup
A post-mortem by Andrew Kopkind

14
Disability Pay: The Check at the End of the Tunnel
An investigative report by Mark McIntyre

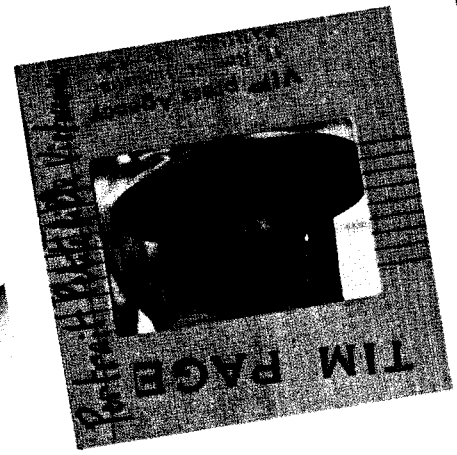
One day the surgeon-general of the Air Force was drawing an extra $2000 a year in hazardous duty pay. The next, he was declared 100 percent disabled, so his pension would be tax-free. Despite his disability, he seems able to work out twice a week, doing calisthenics and churning quite a few laps in the pool. The disability racket is the hottest game in the Pentagon.

17
The Legacy of Amilcar Cabral
An appreciation by Gerard Chaliand

Amilcar Cabral, leader of the most successful armed struggle in Africa, was shot to death in Guinea on January 20, 1973. Gerard Chaliand, who has written extensively on armed struggles in the Third World and who was a friend of the slain leader, writes about Cabral's assassination and its significance.

21
A Matter of Life and Death: The Scandalous Conditions at Boston City Hospital
An exposé by Jonathan Kozol

In 1970, a storm broke loose in Boston over the city hospital's loss of its accreditation. Since then, that same storm has engulfed other ghetto hospitals in a dozen other major cities. Kozol marshalls the evidence to show the horrifying conditions at Boston City Hospital and points the blame at the medical schools which use it as a training facility.



26
Endgame: The Tactics of Peace in Vietnam
An analysis by Noam Chomsky

There are, at the moment, two very different versions of what was signed in Paris. The first is the text itself. The second is the version of the Agreement that is being presented by the Nixon Administration. Actually, the Paris text is very close to the position the NLF has maintained for more than a decade. However, U. S. spokesmen call it a "PEACE WITH HONOR"—and ominously lay the groundwork for further intervention.

31
A Modest Proposal: On Increasing Respect for the Presidency
Art and Satire by Edward Sorel and Kirkpatrick Sale

From the creator of the Aviary and the Bestiary comes the first in a series of modest proposals for our times.

35
Death on the Yard: The Untold Killings at Soledad & San Quentin
Excerpts from a book by Min S. Yee

Yee has reconstructed the circumstances surrounding the murder of three black inmates in Soledad Prison on January 13, 1970. This event touched off a bloody chain of killings which led ultimately to the deaths of 40 persons, including that of George Jackson on August 21, 1971. In this excerpt from Yee's forthcoming book, he describes in chilling narrative what happened.

41
Confessions of a Single Mother
A personal protest by Susan Griffin

Ms. Griffin is writing about mothers who are divorced or were never married: women who are raising children alone.

45
Year One of the Russian Revolution
A review by Tamara Deutscher

47
The Almanac
A bibliography by Derek Shearer

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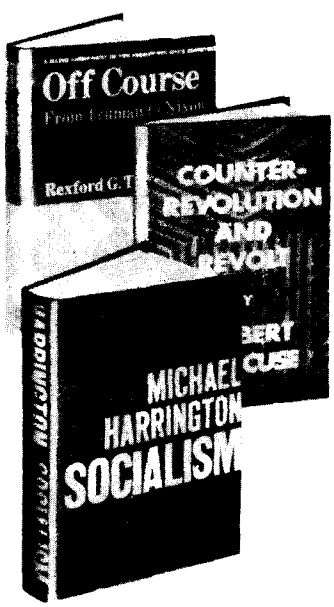

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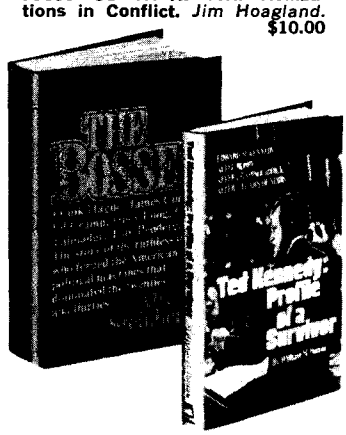

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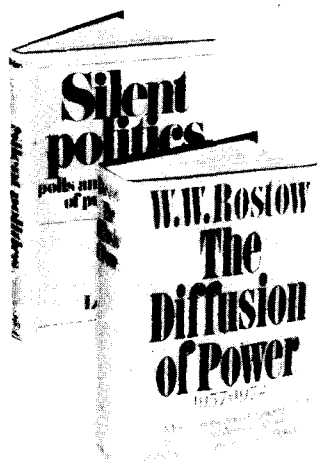

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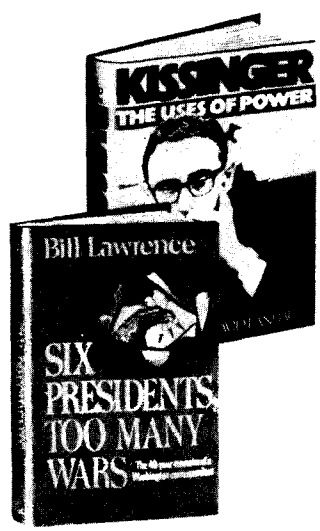

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The First Word

The train of international events set in motion by Henry Kissinger's trip to Peking in July 1971 has now reached a denouement. If nothing else, the diplomatic entente with China was a major factor in Nixon's successful effort to blunt the thrust of George McGovern's presidential challenge, and, as a result of the Nixon landslide, the Vietnamese were left with no choice but to deal with a U.S. administration committed to South Vietnam's dictator Thieu and to a continuing military presence in Indochina. Noam Chomsky's essay in this issue explores the current ceasefire agreement, and the ominous implications of the way in which Washington has presented it to the American people. While the Paris treaty certainly reflects the military strength of the liberation forces in South Vietnam, the satisfaction with it expressed by Nixon and Kissinger indicates their conviction that its terms will not interfere with their program of continuing U.S. hegemony in Southeast Asia. It could conceivably even lead to a "victory" of sorts in South Vietnam itself.

Whether they will be able to consolidate this conservative outcome of the war—and whether they will risk military re-entry if necessary—are the critical unknowns of the next period. For the moment, the truce has provided Nixon with the context for a new offensive against the domestic reform programs that were a joint product of the radical upsurge of the 1960's and the war policies of Kennedy and Johnson.

It is a fundamental feature of America's expansionist history that wars on the frontier are always inextricably bound up with major advances in social welfare and democratic rights. Johnson's War on Poverty was only the most recent of these historical efforts to secure a democratic consensus for military adventures abroad. Now that the troops are being withdrawn from Vietnam, Nixon has come forth with a budget for 1973 which would cut the heart out of the reform effort designed to redress the devastating impact of the American system on the poorer sections of the population. The fact that the same budget proposed a $4.2 billion increase in military expenditures—primarily to pay for the upcoming "volunteer" army—underscores the political rather than economic logic of the measures. The existence of a pre-paid mercenary army will lessen the need to provide social and economic compensation to underprivileged groups.

Whether or not American democracy can be streamlined in such a fashion depends mainly on the American people. Just as the truce in Vietnam is only as stable as the readiness of the Vietnamese to be saddled with an oppressive regime in Saigon, so the truce in America is only as stable as the will of the American people to sustain a racist and sexist society at home and a military empire abroad.

Ultimately we pay a heavy price for such stability, and several articles in this issue of *Ramparts* suggest just how great is the actual expense. Jonathan Kozol, for one, measures the cost in infant mortality and birth defects—among other indices—in his discussion of the horrifying conditions at Boston City Hospital.

But bad as the medical system may be, nowhere have the domestic options been so stark as in the prisons. Nowhere have the authorities shown such willingness to ride roughshod over basic human decency in order to preserve a brutal status quo. For almost three years now, the principal theater of the war in America's prisons has been the California "correctional facilities" at Soledad and San Quentin. In *The Melancholy History of Soledad Prison*, to be published in May by Harper's Magazine Press, *Ramparts* editor Min S. Yee has written the first journalistic account of the struggle which went on there between January 13, 1970, when guards killed three black prisoners during an exercise period, and August 21, 1971, when fighting broke out which left George Jackson and five others dead. In the excerpt published here, Yee describes in gripping detail the circumstances surrounding both of those events. It is an important story, because it provides a glimpse of the guerrilla war which is going on in the prisons.

As such, it gives a hint of what lies in store for America if it opts for conservative stability at the expense of freedom and justice. In that event, the post-war truce in America will be only a prelude to a devastating conflict right here in our midst.

—The Editors

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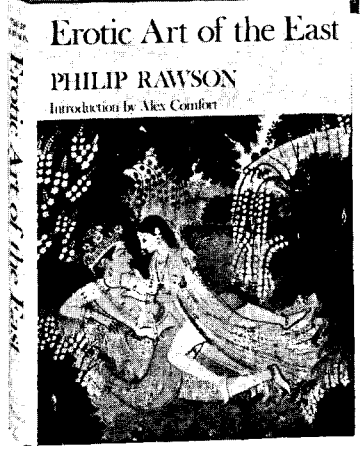

Unashamedly erotic art, portraying every aspect of physical love, is an age-old tradition in the East, created as a matter of course by the great masters of India, Persia, China and Japan. The most important examples still extant are in this book.

In the West, erotic works by famous painters and sculptors have as a rule been hidden or even destroyed by the artists themselves or the trustees of their estates. But in the Orient, where erotic art is rooted in sexual iconography of Hindu, Buddhist, Taoist and Shinto ritual, the portrayal in fine art of the most intimate and diverse sexual acts was (until the 19th century victory of Western missionaries and colonial codes) accepted as not only wholesome and proper but often as an expression of religious piety.

Take for example the Japanese shunga albums, described and illustrated in *Erotic Art of the East.* These are the traditional Japanese equivalent of the Western marriage manual. Instead of cold scientific diagrams, they are emblazoned with creative sexual art by major Japanese artists. Study of the shunga was long considered in Japan an essential part of a good, upper-class education. As late as the 1930's it was still the practice in some traditional Japanese department stores to include a shunga volume in the corner of a chest-of-drawers purchased for a prospective bride.

Nevertheless, Eastern taboos on the representation of sexuality in art can sometimes be as perplexing as our own. We discover that in China the artist could depict nakedness and coition, but not the female foot. In Meiji Japan, every detail of coition could be graphically portrayed in art, but total nudity could not be shown.

To turn the pages of this monumental volume can be, for the adult reader, one of the intellectual and aesthetic experiences of a lifetime of reading. The erotic masterpieces of painting, sculpture, manuscript-illumination, picture-scrolls, sexual icons, erotic artifacts, fan paintings, vases and other objets d'art reproduced in the book have rarely been seen before by modern Western eyes. Every conceivable variety of sexual practice, normal and "deviant", is painted, sketched and carved in the foremost surviving examples of Indian Temple art, Persian and Mogul miniatures, Chinese painting, and Japanese print-making.

The learned and civilizing text permits the serious adult reader to study each illustration as a work of art within the context of its culture, and without the distortions of the emotional charge with which our own culture invests the subject. It will introduce you to such extraordinary personages as the male and female practitioners of Tantra—or sexual yoga—and will explain the sexual nature of the Chinese vases acquired with apparent innocence by Victorian collectors.

You will see the erotic masterpieces of the Japanese ukiyo-e through the eyes of modern psychology and understand how their emphasis on huge and compulsively detailed genitalia represented a means of working out some of the anxieties endemic in Japanese society.

All this and more is yours to explore in the pages of *Erotic Art of the East.* In this day of rising production costs, a work of such size and scope—utilizing the finest paper, binding, and color reproduction—would ordinarily be priced at $30 or more.

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Letters

[DEMAND AMNESTY]

Editors / Families Of Resistance for Amnesty (FORA) is an independent committee composed of family members of war resisters. Its objective is to obtain a universal, unconditional amnesty for relatives who have either: 1) refused induction into the military; 2) "deserted" as a means of protesting the war in Indochina; 3) have received less-than-honorable discharges as a result of resistance to the War, racism, or oppression rooted in the U.S. military; or, 4) who have been, or still are, imprisoned because of their opposition to America's longest and most unpopular war.

The number of young Americans who would benefit from a just amnesty is astronomical. Few are aware of the fact that nearly *one million* people have participated in one form of resistance or another, for which grave penalties are imposed. Included are: tens of thousands of resisters in exile or underground in the U.S.; over 550,000 less-than-honorably discharged GIs (since 1963) and thousands currently in prisons and stockades (or released with criminal records and impaired civil liberties).

It's cynical indeed to place blame for America's 300,000 Vietnam casualties on those who, for political or moral reasons, refused any, or continued, participation in an adventure that even the war's architects now make a fetish of condemning. If the tragedy were not of such proportions, it would be almost comical to watch self-righteous signers of the Tonkin Resolution as they rush to demand that war-resisters "pay a price" for their honorable and consistent opposition to the war. As Abe Simon of Queens, N.Y. (a father of a "deserter" in Sweden) put it: "I may not know exactly who's responsible for this immoral war, but I *do* know that it's certainly *not* my son, or the thousands like him, who, at great personal cost, have been forced to flee family, friends, and country, rather than compromise their moral beliefs."

FORA members will begin by contacting and organizing family members into chapters in cities and towns across the country. Simultaneously, they will undertake lobbying and petitioning of both Congress and the White House. In addition, members will address various local organizations, such as PTAs, church groups, trade unions and the like, as a means of winning understanding of their demands for a just amnesty.

In the Spring, FORA will launch a national campaign to "Tell It to Washington." They will urge thousands of families like themselves to rally in support of their sons and brothers' receiving a just amnesty.

F.O.R.A.
69 First Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10003

[MORE LEAKS]

Editors / I was pleased to find in your article on The Informal Art of Leaking that RAMPARTS is one of the few in the media that understands the potential threat to the public from the current Administration's policies about protecting news sources, and I am glad to see you encouraging people who have news stories not to be afraid to take them to the media for fear of repercussions.

But I was disappointed that you did not mention at least one other media source that takes their responsibility to protect news sources very seriously. Pacifica Radio, with stations in Berkeley, Houston, New York, and Los Angeles fights vigorously for these rights. The Manager of the New York station (WBAI) spent several days in jail in 1972 for refusing to turn over tapes to the government, and there is another case pending against Pacifica for refusing to turn over a letter from the Weather Underground to federal authorities.

As a long time listener to two of these stations, I believe that people who have news stories and want them widely and sensitively disseminated, but at the same time want their sources protected, should add to their list of contacts the program directors at KPFA in Berkeley, KPFT in Houston, WBAI in New York, or KPFK in Los Angeles.

–Steven Marlowe
Berkeley, Calif.

[FIRE IN THE LAKE]

Editors / I enjoyed Ngo Vinh Long's excellent review of Francis Fitzgerald's *Fire in the Lake,* but feel compelled to add to it, since he does not discuss a second reason for its popularity with American anti-war liberals: its implicit anti-Communism. To write about the Vietnamese Revolution relying primarily on French and American sources is like writing the history of the American Revolution from contemporary British sources, or writing about Hitler's policies towards the Jewish people on the basis of Nazi documentation. Such histories have a certain interest, provided their political nature is clearly identified.

This book has been praised in reviews as presenting the Vietnamese point of view to the American public. But the National Liberation Front publishing house and the Foreign Language Publishing house in Hanoi have produced literally hundreds of short books, including memoirs of revolutionaries, documents, historical accounts, short stories, novels and poems translated into English. These are easily available from China Books and Periodicals, college libraries or movement bookstores. Francis Fitzgerald makes virtually no reference to these works.

Instead, she makes extensive use of RAND interviews of prisoners of war and NLF defectors conducted under contract to the U.S. military. The medium is the message: we can believe Vietnamese revolutionaries only when they are no longer active, only when they are controlled, imprisoned, even tortured, by their enemy, and their story filtered through an American interviewer.

The fault of this, of course, does not lie with Francis Fitzgerald, but in the criterion of credibility established by the scholarly and journalist communities. North Vietnamese or National Liberation Front sources are discounted as "propaganda" and ruled "inadmissible evidence" unless confirmed by a white, non-Communist observer.

Christine White
Committee of Concerned
Asian Scholars
Cornell University,
Ithaca, New York

[NAMASTE]

Editors / Thank you so much for the article and beautiful pictures of/on Ram Dass. This is the true revolution of consciousness which will remake the world. Now I'll order more subscriptions for more friends and relatives.

Namaste,
Jim Hardt
San Francisco, Calif.

[DIFFERENT NEEDS]

Editors / Please don't renew our subscription. RAMPARTS may be a good magazine for some (like my father who, I hope, will eventually be able to shake off his cold war liberalism). Our needs are a clearer understanding of how to build a mass revolutionary movement and RAMPARTS for the most part doesn't address itself to such questions.

Dave
Ithaca, New York

[IMAGES TO THE EDITOR]

Editors /

Steve McCoy
New York, N.Y.

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Now More Than Ever.
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Amidst the pomp and circumstance heralding the second coming of Nixon Agonistes, there looms the bleak implications of his campaign slogan, "Four More Years." Such a prospect leaves us with somber thoughts, especially as the current administration continues its assault against the press and as magazines like *Life* fold from their own inertia.

Let us make this perfectly clear. Unlike most magazines, we're not the loyal opposition and don't aspire to be. We think America needs more out of journalism. If you agree with us, send us your post-election vote: a check for **FOUR MORE YEARS.** We could also use your vote for one more year.

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Counterpoint

LBJ: THE LAST ROUNDUP

by Andrew Kopkind

The good that presidents do lives after them; so does the good they never did. The streams of posthumous congratulations for this winter's selection of dead presidents expresses most of all the fantasies Americans maintain, against all contrary evidence, about leadership and leaders. Harry Truman, who irradiated millions and presided over the inauguration of the American counter-revolution, is honored for the mythological accomplishments of his tacky little Fair Deal. Lyndon Johnson, madman, war maker, racist and cowboy is praised for letting us reason together, for sparing certain areas of Indochina from his airplanes and his bombs, for signing an anachronistic civil rights bill, and for hanging up his coonskin cap when the cow-poking got tough. The *Boston Globe* carried the search for presidential vain victories to its logical absurdity when it discovered that "the entire nation has reason to mourn the death of Lyndon B. Johnson [because] he played a leading role in keeping us out of war in Vietnam back in April of 1954" when Dulles was seeking congressional support for U.S. intervention.

The rule of *nil nisi bonum* may sell papers but it brutally mocks history. The Age of Johnson, even by comparison to the present lamentable era, was hardly a shining moment in the American experience. Exactly how tarnished it was remains to be seen; we need equivalents of the Pentagon Papers to expose each moldy cranny of the Great Society, not just the war. But from this short vantage point in time—and from the convenient conjunction of the death of Johnson, the truce in Vietnam and the re-inauguration of Nixon—some interim judgements might be made. For in the few years since Lyndon Johnson sent himself down from the presidency, the remnants of his programs and policies—and of John Kennedy's before him—have been discredited by their own contradictions, have collapsed from their own weakness or have been dismantled by Nixon. The movements and the politics that developed in the wake of Johnson, or in opposition to him, have been liquidated or transformed. The strange career of liberal America in the 1960's has ended and its consequences are in one way or another resolved: the American ground war in Vietnam, Great Society welfarism, racial integration and a New Left.

The war in Vietnam will always be Johnson's War to me. Of course, Kennedy started it and Nixon couldn't let it go. But Johnson, the sentimental old imperialist and tragi-comic war criminal, was the star of that show. He loved the war like a bully loves a barroom brawl, because danger and death proved his power and his manhood. Vietnam had all the qualities of a pure Johnsonian fiasco: the raging madness and vain delusion of a monstrous masterpiece, against which Kennedy's cold caution and Nixon's ragged rhetoric are puny minor works.

Vietnam—America's Vietnam—had grown out of Kennedy's plan to save capitalism (this time) by expansion into the Third World, the other two worlds being oversold already. Kennedy and Nixon fought the 1960 election on the issue of American corporate expansion. Kennedy promised to outstrip the Soviet growth rate and outflank Western Europe's expansion with an orchestrated strategy of imperial probes, domestic expenditures and economic manipulations. A big enough segment of big business bought the line to squeak Kennedy through, and he immediately began to implement his plan.

In the imperial sector, Kennedy put together a package of Green Berets, the Peace Corps, the Alliance for Progress, AID, the CIA, the World Bank, tactical nukes and mobile military strike forces to win hearts and minds and to counter insurgents. The object was to produce and protect liberal, mildly democratic, pro-American regimes all over the "underdeveloped" world so that U.S. business could develop it, U.S. tourists could play in it, and U.S. armies and navies could be secure in it. Counter-insurgency was the crucial implemental tactic, and its first test was Vietnam. Whatever else happened in that wretched country, Kennedy's experiment in neo-colonialism failed; but at least he had the good sense to achieve sainthood before the strategy collapsed. Johnson was left alive to preside over the full debacle.

Johnson's intervention in the Dominican Republic in 1965 was a shorter, sweeter disaster illustrating the same failure of imperial theory. Kennedy had ordered Dominican Dictator Trujillo bumped off in 1961 and had the CIA install the liberal Juan Bosch, who was expected to complete the *embourgeoisement* of the island for the good of his people and American industry. But Bosch could not put together what history, class and economics had torn asunder, and a right-wing coup deposed him. When authentic reformers and rebels, not tied to American interests (sugar, military strategy and land exploitation), tried to return to power, Johnson sent in the Marines—"to prevent another Cuba"—and assured an authoritarian regime perpetual control of the island. In that process, however, the scheme for the quick development of a native middle class, ready and eager for the effluent of American industry, had to be shelved.

Variants of that scenario occurred all over Asia, Africa and South America as the '60s raced to conclusion, and the Third World strategy for U.S. corporate expansion was abandoned. In its place, Nixon has embarked upon a program of probes into the Second World (Russia and China) with its

Andrew Kopkind is a free-lance journalist living in Boston.

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Lyndon B. Johnson

enormous buying power and its political stability; and he has stepped up the terms of America's economic warfare with Japan and Western Europe. In the meantime, Nixon encourages total dictatorship in potentially troublesome Third World countries. And since Vietnam is irrelevant to Nixon's imperial strategy and the war is counterproductive to the American economy (the U.S. trade deficit tripled in 1972), the sooner he could get out, the better it would be.

The welfare programs of Johnson's Great Society were based on an elusive principle of "participation," borrowed from the original New Left (via Michael Harrington's anti-poverty polemic, *The Other America*). *Real* participation of the poor "in the decisions which affect their lives" would have meant displacement of the owners and managers of corporate and bureaucratic America—hardly what LBJ had in mind.

In the summer of 1965, I spent some time at a Head Start pre-school project in Mississippi. It was Head Start's first year, and the project had been put together by a few radical Poverty Warriors in Washington and the most militant civil rights workers down South. For a month, the Mississippi project was a breath-taking vanguard of popular participation in the politics of education: poor black people in the remote hamlets were building an institution that gathered a sizeable amount of political power in areas that were traditionally powerless. Then came the backlash—from that old "white power structure" in Mississippi, from liberal bureaucrats in Washington, and from professional educators, lawyers, and politicians who had a stake in the control of the civil rights movement. In the space of a summer, they managed to drain the project of its best essences, to kill the concept of "participation." That Head Start experiment went about as far as any Great Society program in the direction of social and political reconstruction, and at the moment of its greatest extension, it was decapitated. Before very much longer, every other Great Society program that had tried to upset real power relationships came to a similar end.

The Great Society scheme was the domestic sector of the Kennedy-Johnson expansion strategy—a way out of the debilitating cycles of recession-and-boomlet that characterized the post-World War II economy before 1961. The idea was to promote relationships between industry and government in the public welfare area that would parallel the chummy relationships that had developed between the two in the military area. What had been done for the aerospace industry could be done for education, housing and welfare hardware, and "systems" industries. In the absence of rational Five Year Plans and an imposed set of national industrial priorities, corporate industry needed long, firm contractual arrangements with the Big Procurer—government—on which to base forward planning for expansion, resource stockpiling, manpower allocation, capitalization, market development: in other words, socialist planning without tears—and without socialism. The proliferating programs of Johnsonian welfarism would tie industry to government with contracts, and at the same time supply business with a new crop of satisfied customers pushed up into the lofty reaches of the consumer society from their lowly beginnings: blacks, the poor, variously disadvantaged minorities.

As it turned out, the Great Society was slow, naïve, off-the-wall and shot through with theoretical flaws. Inflation, politics and greed eliminated any

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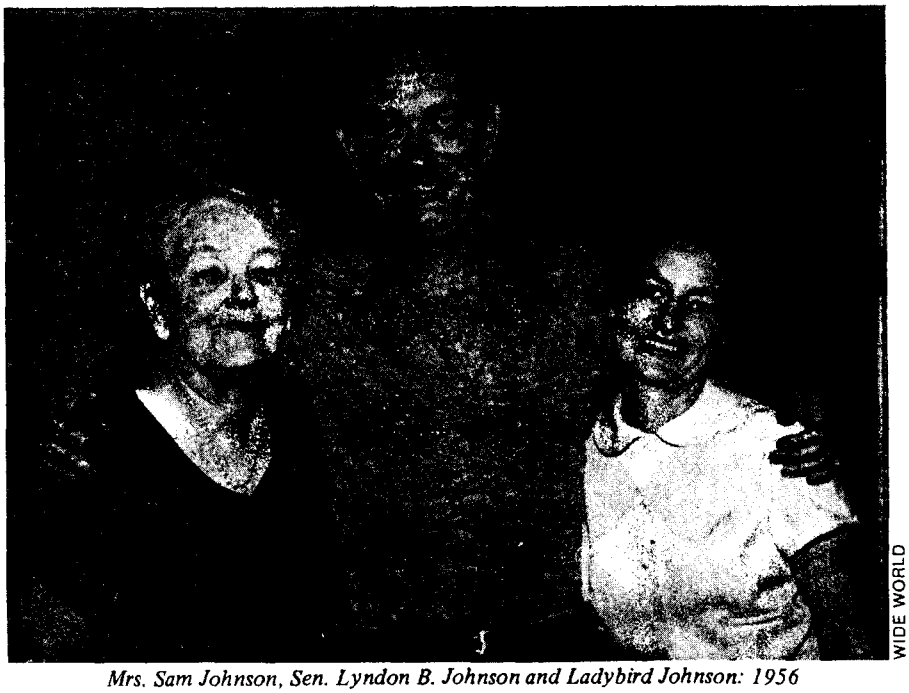

WIDE WORLD

Mrs. Sam Johnson, Sen. Lyndon B. Johnson and Ladybird Johnson: 1956

hope of establishing stable relationships between government and the producers of domestic welfare services. And those same factors prevented a significant redistribution of wealth that might have developed a new internal market for corporate expansion.

Nixon has stopped "throwing programs" at the internal underdeveloped population because welfarism did not do what Johnson promised it would do. It did not improve the corporate "profit picture" on a wide scale. It did not rationalize industrial planning. And it seems to Nixonomists that welfarism aggravates inflation without cutting unemployment. Nixon's response to the failures of welfare liberalism has been retrenchment and repression: he cuts the programs and keeps the lid on the welfare constituents. It's the domestic analog of his reaction to the failures of liberal imperialism: pull out AID and encourage authoritarianism. His enthusiasm for, say, Mayor Frank Rizzo's regime in Philadelphia springs from the same sources as his admiration for President Marcos' regime in the Philippines or President Park's in South Korea.

Nixon may or may not believe in his "work ethic" line, just as he may or may not have believed in his "communist conspiracy" theory as he tripped to China and Russia. When he needed trade commitments, markets and political support from the Communist conspirators he dragged himself above the principles and theories he had always espoused. Unlike Johnson, Nixon is rarely trapped by his own rhetoric.

For me, the most grotesque moment of the Johnson Era came when Lyndon pulled himself up before a joint session of Congress and mooed, "We shall overcome." I was sitting in the House of Representatives Press Gallery that night, having just come North from Selma where the marches—and the police attacks—were in progress; the particular issue of the moment was called "voting rights." When Johnson spoke, I grew suddenly dizzy in the head and queasy in the stomach and nearly pitched over the Gallery railing. Johnson finished and the House cheered. I was still sitting upright, but everything else seemed upside down.

Johnson's sly and sleazy flirtation with "civil rights" had nothing to do with confronting racism, but was rather a stratagem for building his "consensus" and a cover-up for his own history. Johnson's economic and bureaucratic policies were meant to stabilize the black population of America under white rule, to "integrate" black people into white society. Indeed, Johnson had built a career on the politics of white power. He allied himself, in time, for his political purposes, with the right wing of the civil rights movement. But the consensus fell apart and integration remained a fantasy, and Johnson could only watch in dismay the development of rebellious black liberation movements. Consequently, the programs and policies founded on integrationist theory failed, too.

The movements of the 1960's—those that comprised the New Left—seem now to be phenomena of the Age of Johnson. The Left flourished then as a radical reformist force, in part, because there appeared to be space for some success. No one believed that the organizers and the managers of the Great Society were about to turn America on its ear. But there were issues under debate, grants to be won, programs to be influenced. Washington in that time was a place for Movement people to come for money, not marches. As the war dragged on and managerial liberalism slowed to paralysis, that changed. No one came for money, many came to march, and some for even dirtier tricks. Without Johnson's umbrella of liberal rhetoric, the radical realities could be seen more starkly. "Cooptation" was a term that came into vogue in the middle years of the Great Society. It is way out of style now.

Beyond the broken pillars of Johnson's policies lies the vexatious personality of LBJ himself, the "image" that (in spite of all determination to stick to objective analysis) I find so overwhelming and oppressive still. Most of the minor memoirs I've read about Johnson in the days after his death skip the politics and concentrate on his enormous quirks, his compulsiveness, his irrascibility, his "bigness." I can't imagine why people from so many political positions even now—especially now—find Johnson's craziness, his crassness, his malevolent machismo so charming, so entertaining, so loveable. I'll always remember LBJ as a demented half-drunk mockery of manliness, a dirty young, middle-aged and old man who called in secretaries to give him head and generals to give him body-counts with equal relish, while mind-bent America lied to itself about him and watched the world go by: we fabricated and read the papers. ■

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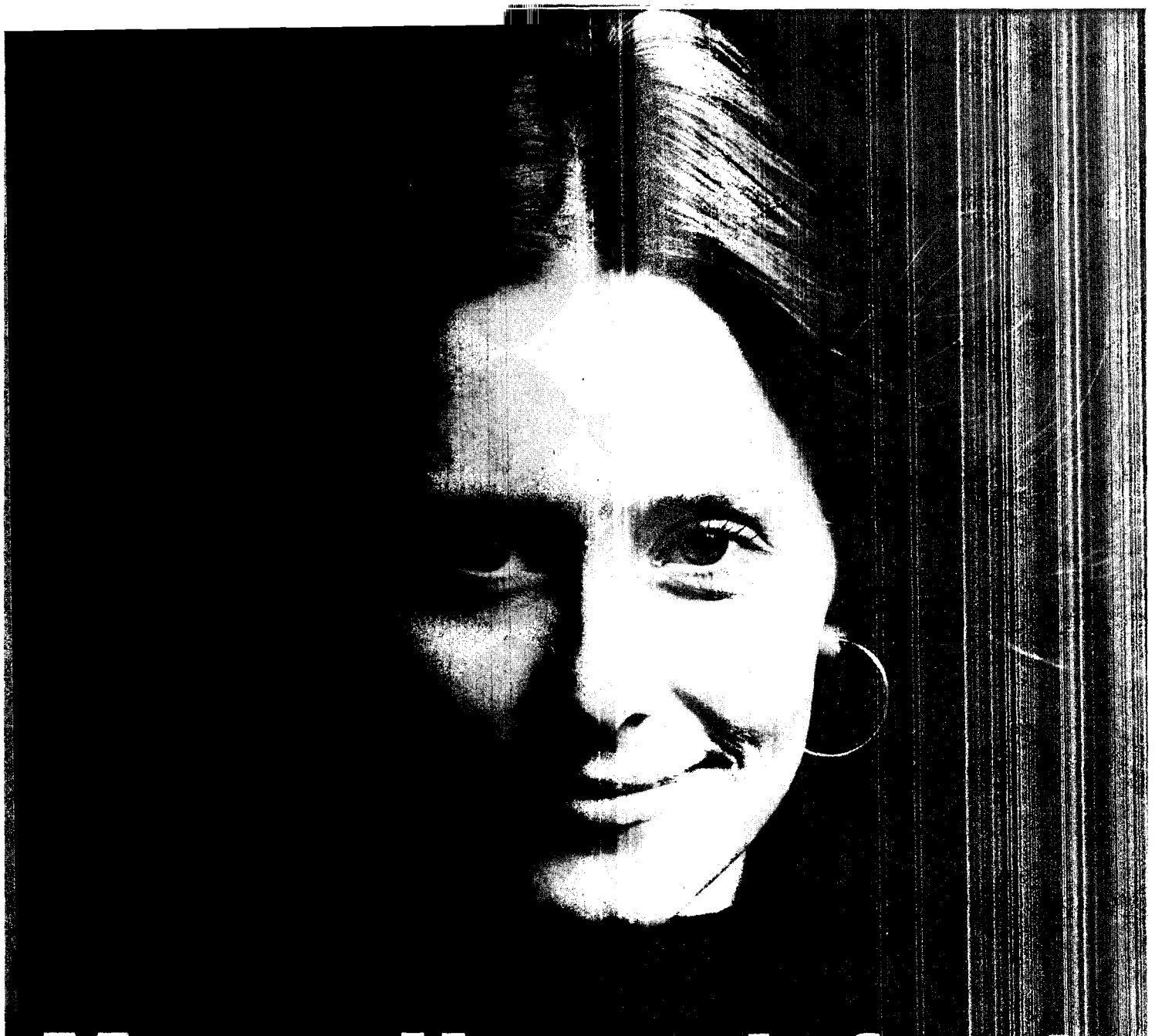

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At Home

CARL MUECKE

Disability Pay: THE CHECK AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL

by Mark McIntyre

Even when he was the surgeon-general of the Air Force, Alonzo Towner liked to keep physically fit. And now that he's retired, the former surgeon-general is of the same frame of mind. Twice a week, General Towner visits a health salon near his suburban Washington home. There, he subjects his 62-year-old body to a strenuous swim, a set of vigorous calisthenics and a warm, comfortable steam-bath. "It's really a great way to keep in shape," the former surgeon-general beams. "I'd recommend it to anybody."

Indeed he would. In fact, there's nothing unusual about the general's biweekly workouts–nothing, that is, except for the bare and simple fact that when he retired from the Air Force just last August, General Towner was declared 100 percent disabled.

Because of his disability, the general's $26,000 retirement salary comes tax-free. The surgeon-general, his subordinates discovered, was afflicted with skin cancer and circulatory problems. Of course, until his retirement, Towner's ailments had not been serious enough to keep him from drawing about $2,000-a-year in hazardous duty pay supposedly available only to those able to pass the Air Force's rigorous flight physical.

Towner's good fortune is not an isolated case. A check of notable Air Force retirees of recent years turns up case after case where seemingly healthy generals were suddenly found to be seriously disabled. For example, Maj. Gen. John D. Lavelle, who retired last summer after his private air war against unauthorized North Vietnamese targets became public, pays taxes on less than $3,000 of his $27,000 retirement salary. The reason: military doctors discovered during Lavelle's retirement physical that the general had a heart murmur, emphysema and a slipped disc. He was declared 70 percent disabled. Several months earlier, however, Lavelle had passed his physical and qualified for flight pay.

Air Force doctors are still talking about the case of Gen. Curtis E. LeMay, the former Air Force chief of staff. LeMay planned to retire in April 1964, but stayed on the job for nearly a year longer at the request of President Johnson. He passed his annual physical, was granted flight pay and even hung on to his private pilot's license. But when he finally did retire a year later, military sources say, he was found 60 percent disabled because of heart trouble. The general refuses to discuss the matter ("I don't talk to reporters," he snarled before hanging up.) But heart trouble or no, he has been exceptionally active since retiring. For three years he earned $50,000 as board chairman of a California electronics firm. In 1968 he ran for vice president and made a remarkably vigorous race for a man of 61 suffering from disabling heart disease.

But you don't have to be a bigwig of the caliber of Lavelle or LeMay to benefit from the Air Force's retirement procedures. Recent official figures show that a majority of the Air Force generals who have retired since 1968 left the service with at least some disability and most of them got 30 percent or more. Meanwhile, fewer than 20 percent of Air Force retirees of all ranks were found disabled. This imbalance is made more striking by the fact that generals frequently perform a dazzling pirouette from hazardous duty flight pay (supposedly requiring tip-top shape) one day to tax free disability (supposedly requiring significant impairment) the next.

Not only has the Air Force made retirement physicals lucrative for its generals, it has also made them pleasant. While retirement check-ups for rank and file Air Force personnel are given at out-patient clinics around the country, the generals

Mark McIntyre is a Washington-based reporter who has, until recently, been working with columnist Jack Anderson.

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are flown specially to Washington. The exams are conducted at Andrews Air Force Base's Malcolm Grow Hospital, which is the Walter Reed of Air Force medical facilities. They arrive each Sunday and are booked into an exclusive, red-carpeted section where each man has his own suite, complete with color television. The hospital is seriously understaffed but there are always plenty of nurses and orderlies on 24-hour duty to attend to the brass, even though none is sick. The next day, the generals attend a closed-door retirement briefing at the Pentagon where they are coached on how to score high in their disability exam.

When a general goes in for his physical, he finds himself faced not with a dispassionate no-nonsense team of medics bent on finding the facts, but with a group of sympathetic fellow commissioned officers who may themselves be dreaming of retiring with a generous disability finding. Occasionally, a non-commissioned medic will turn up and display some professional detachment in his assessment of a general's aches and pains. Skepticism is not welcome. Recently, for example, a mere major objected to his higher-ranking colleagues' disability diagnosis of a retiring general who complained of a tennis elbow, arthritis and low back pain. The major was threatened with a transfer to Vietnam. Later, one of his superiors took him aside and said: "These guys expect the government to take care of them from cradle to grave and I won't tolerate anyone rocking the boat."

The Air Force's disability procedures are stacked heavily in favor of the brass, but the Army is not far behind. Army generals consistently finish first in that service's version of disability sweepstakes. Since 1970 nearly half of retiring Army generals were granted disability, and 43 percent were found at least 30 percent disabled.

One noteworthy case is that of another surgeon-general, 70-year-old Army General Leonard Heaton, who is understandably sensitive about his case. In a telephone interview, he first claimed an award "in the neighborhood" of 30 percent, then asserted, "one can't be definite about those things," and finally, "anyone at my age has disability." Heaton served as surgeon-general for ten years, the last seven by special order of Presidents Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon. Although he was in his mid-sixties and required to take an annual physical to keep his job, at no time was he found unfit to retain the surgeon-generalship—at least not until his 1969 retirement at which it is understood that the general was suddenly found "no longer fit for world wide duty" and declared 70 percent disabled. Heaton refused to deny the figure, huffing, "You shouldn't know those things—they're confidential."

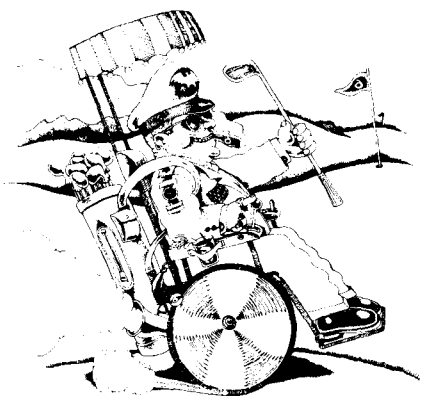
Another tight-lipped three-star general enjoying tax-free retirement salary is Lt. Gen. Jonathan O. Seaman, the former commander of the First Army. Seaman conceded he had some disability, but refused to reveal the amount or ailment that won him the award. Whatever his infirmity, though, it hasn't markedly curtailed the general's activities. Seaman, who led the First Infantry Division in Vietnam from 1965-1967, has, by his own account, "built a house and put in a lawn" at his Beaufort, South Carolina homestead and will soon take a job in local government.

Navy disability diagnoses seem to be determined in a more credible fashion. While half of retiring Army and Air Force generals are granted disability, less than one third of retiring Navy admirals are so fortunate. Furthermore, since 1968, the incidence of disability among retiring Navy enlisted personnel has been almost twice that awarded naval officers.

If the Army and Air Force's disability system is unduly generous to generals, it seems absolutely penurious to many retiring enlisted men. The case of ex-Sergeant First Class John M. Hmura, who retired from the Army after more than 31 years of service last May, provides a good example. Prior to his retirement last year he had had a heart attack, an ulcer, diabetes, liver trouble, loss of hearing, and arteriosclerosis. In addition he suffered occasional paralysis caused by painful calcium deposits in his spine. Nevertheless, Army physicians examining him at Ft. Meade, Maryland last fall adjudged Hmura "fit to return to duty" and denied him any disability whatsoever. Enraged, Hmura threatened hospital officials with exposure through the press. Five months later he was reexamined at Walter Reed Army Medical Center and begrudgingly granted 60 percent disability. Now at 53 he is supporting his family on $6400 of tax free income.

Of course, that doesn't quite measure up to the $26,000 in tax-free money which our former Air Force surgeon-general is receiving. And it may be a little trying for Hmura, the former sergeant, to exercise, zip off a few laps in a pool, and sit in a steam room, but what it comes down to is that Hmura never got his general's star.

There is, too, one other catch in disability pay. Many younger two-star generals and admirals who are retired with partial or total disability are so handled because there's no more room at the top. Some generals and admirals are genuinely surprised to learn that they've been declared disabled (no doubt through hints and direct orders to medical examiners during annual check-ups) but they're forced to take the big pay-off and kiss the service good-bye. ■



After Mark McIntyre completed the investigation for this article the Pentagon announced new rules governing disability allowances. It remains to be seen what effect, if any, they will have on the practices described here.

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Foreign Report

THE LEGACY OF AMILCAR CABRAL

by Gerard Chaliand

MIKE SHUSTER/LNS

Amilcar Cabral: 1925-1973

On January 20, 1973, Amilcar Cabral was shot to death in Conakry, capital of the Republic of Guinea. Leader of the liberation struggle in the Portuguese colony of Guinea-Bissau, Cabral was widely known as one of the most important figures in the Third World—comparable in stature to a Ho Chi Minh or a Fidel Castro. His assassination thus sent shock waves throughout Africa and around the world. Even so, the reasons for the conspiracy against his life remain obscure.

Gerard Chaliand is a French author who has written extensively on national liberation, armed struggle and the problems of socialism in the Third World. His books include Armed Struggle in Africa, Peasants of North Vietnam, The Palestinian Resistance, *and* Algeria: Failure of a Revolution. *He first met Cabral in 1962 and visited the liberated areas of Guinea-Bissau with him in May-June 1966.*

At 8 P.M. that evening, Cabral met with a delegation from the Mozambique Liberation Front (FRELIMO). Shortly thereafter he proceeded to a reception at the Polish embassy, then left at 10:15 P.M. and returned to his closely guarded home six miles from Conakry. As he stepped from his car, he was shot down by Innocencio Kani, a member of his own party—the African Party for the Independence of Guinea and the Cape Verde Islands (PAIGC). Kani and others then seized Aristides Pereira, one of Cabral's principal aides, along with a number of other party leaders and forced them to board a boat. The Cuban ambassador, who was on his way to the PAIGC headquarters at the time, heard the shots and telephoned Guinean authorities immediately. The Guinean Navy was alerted and, after a chase, captured the fugitives.

As of now, the only certainty is that Amilcar Cabral was murdered by members of his own party. Several hypotheses have been put forward concerning the motives of his assassins: (1) they were Portuguese agents, to whom Lisbon had promised the independence of Guinea-Bissau if the present leaders of the PAIGC were eliminated; (2) they were party dissidents, and their action arose from internal disputes between black "Africans" and mulattos from Cape Verde; or (3) they were involved with certain Guineans in positions of authority who were opposed to the president of the Republic of Guinea, Sekou Touré.

All of these explanations seem plausible, and it is possible that all are true, to one degree or another. Luiz Cabral, Amilcar's younger brother, stated simply that "Amilcar Cabral's death was a result of poor security measures. During the last year, numerous deserters from the African troops serving Portugal joined the PAIGC without being screened."

The world press immediately recognized the significance of Cabral's death. The *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* covered the story on page one. The French daily, *Le Monde,* called him an exceptional leader with the stature of a head of state. The United Nations paid tribute to him, and more than 40 delegations attended his funeral at Conakry. He was, in fact, probably the most remarkable revolutionary political leader that contemporary Africa has yet produced.

In the last 15 years there has been no shortage of "dashing leaders" whose charisma transformed them into mythical figures in their own lifetime. Cabral was not one of these. He preferred patient organizing and carefully calculated political initiative to earth-shattering declarations and spectacular gestures. Over a period of seven years he founded and built his party and laid the basis for the armed struggle he was to lead for the next ten years. Through a slow process of political organization and mobilization, combined with actual military struggle, he was eventually able to establish control over two-thirds of "Portuguese" Guinea (Guinea-Bissau).

A small country of 14,000 square miles and a population of about 800,000, Guinea-Bissau does not have the economic wealth of Angola and Mozambique with their subterranean riches. It is an agricultural country, and its harvest of rice and peanuts is exported to Portugal. Unlike Angola and Mozambique, where big international monopolies hold sway, Guinea-Bissau is ruled almost exclusively by Portuguese interests. It is noteworthy that Portugal's heavily adverse balance of trade shows a surplus only for the African colonies. The latter have little to show for their sacrifices: in four centuries of Christian and Portuguese "civilization," Portugal produced less than 15 university graduates from its Guinean "Overseas Province" and barely 2000 children even attended school.

Cabral was born in 1925 in Guinea-Bissau. A mulatto of Cape Verdean and Guinean descent, he belonged to that elite group of Africans known as "assimilados"—natives whom the Portuguese judged worthy of full citizenship. The remaining 99 percent of Africans were—until 1961—subject to the so-called "native statute" that pro-

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vided the legal basis for a policy of apartheid. They were forbidden to move freely in their own territory and were subjected to forced labor.

In the early 1950s, Cabral went to Lisbon to study in the university and graduated as an agricultural engineer. There he met other "assimilados"—men such as Mario de Andrade and Marcelino dos Santos, who were later to become leading figures in the Angola and Mozambique nationalist movements. Together they organized a center for African studies to analyze their condition as a colonized people.

Later Cabral returned to Africa and travelled for two years in Angola and Guinea-Bissau. The experience deepened his understanding of the effects of colonialism and awoke in him a strong desire to form a political party which would dedicate itself to the struggle for independence. After the publication of *Census,* his remarkable monograph on "Portuguese" Guinea, Cabral, along with other nationalists, founded the PAIGC in 1956, and thereby united the struggle in "Portuguese" Guinea with the one in the Cape Verde Islands. (The islands, about 1000 kilometers from the Guinean coast, have a population of 200,000 mulattos, all considered to be "assimilados.")

The party worked underground. At first, its members came mainly from urban intellectual and semi-intellectual backgrounds, but their ranks were soon swelled by workers and unemployed young people. During its first three years, the party concentrated on forming cells in the major towns. On August 3, 1959, a workers' strike broke out in the port of Bissau. Portuguese troops were used to suppress it, and 50 workers were killed. After the strike, the Portuguese Political Police (PIDE) succeeded in dismantling a part of the PAIGC organization. Cabral fled to the neighboring Republic of Guinea, which had won its independence from France the previous year.

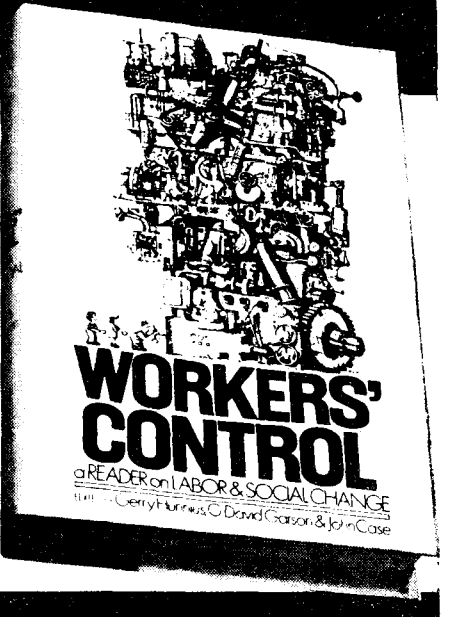
In the wake of the August strike, leaders of the PAIGC re-examined their strategy and decided that it was a mistake to limit their work to the cities. Conditions in rural areas appeared favorable for armed struggle.

Thus the PAIGC set up a school for political studies in Conakry, Republic of Guinea, in order to train cadres to carry the fight for independence to the countryside. The recruits, a great number of whom were young peasants, underwent six to eight weeks of training. For the first time in 400 years of colonization, Guinean peasants had a chance to acquire some kind of education. They learned well and returned to Guinea-Bissau, often to their native villages. There they have constituted the backbone of the party inside the country. They understand and can communicate with the peasants, and have thus been able to find people who sympathize with the aims of national liberation and undercut the influence of Portuguese agents.

The task they faced in 1960-61 was not an easy one: Guinea-Bissau is a small but complex society. About 30 percent of the population is Moslem (Foulahs and Mandingos) and the other 70 percent is animistic (Balantes, Mandjaques, Pepels). The Moslems, and especially the Foulahs, have a society which functions under the traditional chieftain system. Social distinctions are well defined, as is the system of patriarchal slavery. The Foulahs were historically shepherds; today they own a significant amount of livestock. They have a sophisticated economy based on peanut farming, cattle raising and

MIKE SHUSTER/LNS

An examination of the revolutionary concept of workers controlling what they produce



Today's workers are beginning to demand a whole lot more than just good wages and working conditions; they are insisting on having a say in how the job should be done.

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various forms of trade.

In the early days of colonization, the Foulahs collaborated with the Portuguese, and the latter, in exchange, granted the Foulahs numerous privileges. Along with the Cape Verde Islanders, they became the instrument of indirect rule over the animistic tribes. The animists themselves have no social stratification, the major social distinction being age (the elderly members have moral prestige). They live by rice farming, own little cattle and do not engage in commerce. As a result, the animists have borne the brunt of forced labor. In addition, the Portuguese imposed Moslem chiefs on the animist villages; the chiefs then kept the communities under strict surveillance and collected taxes. This system of indirect rule enabled the Portuguese to maintain a low profile at the same time as they engineered the quick and easy subjugation of the animistic population.

Cabral's special genius was to discover and exploit this reality. Far from overestimating the peasants' spontaneity, as did Che Guevara and Franz Fanon, he carefully based his military action on ongoing political work. His strategy was thus closer to that of the Chinese and the Vietnamese NLF. With years of political experience and a thorough knowledge of social conditions in the area, Cabral had prepared the conditions for an armed struggle which was to become the most significant in Black Africa.

In 1961, the PAIGC joined with FRELIMO of Mozambique and the MPLA of Angola to form the Conference of Organizations of the Portuguese Colonies (CONCP). By that time, most British and French colonies in Africa had achieved independence, but Portugal's fascist government and its economic backwardness ruled out the possibility of even formal independence for its colonies. Armed struggle seemed the only road open to them.

Early in 1963, it began in the southern part of Guinea-Bissau, in the area bordering on the Republic of Guinea. It soon spread to the north, near the Senegalese border. By thus launching attacks in widely separated areas, Cabral split the Portuguese troops and prevented the destruction of the embryonic guerrilla movement through excessive concentration of forces. At the same time, he maximized the impact on the population of the politico-military movement.

The PAIGC succeeded in liberating the Isle of Como, much to the chagrin of the Lisbon government. In an attempt to retake it, the Portuguese launched an offensive with 3000 troops in 1964, but failed to oust the liberation forces. That same year the PAIGC held its first congress inside the liberated territories. By 1966, it had succeeded in extending the struggle to half the nation's territory, despite the presence of an increasing number of Portuguese soldiers (10,000 in 1962; 25,000 in 1966; 35,000 today), bolstered with substantial military assistance from NATO countries.

Once having liberated territory, Cabral developed a new kind of political-administrative structure in the zones controlled by the PAIGC. He formed committees on the village level, consisting of three men and two women who were elected democratically and who could be dismissed by the village assembly. Instituted at the grassroots level in 1964–65, this structure still constitutes the basis of Guinea-Bissau's administrative organization. It manages production, solves communication problems (transportation of material and food), supervises the people's militia in the village, and maintains constant contact with the party. It has not only allowed the villagers to make their voices heard, but has also noticeably altered the conditions of women and young people by encouraging them to participate in the struggle and the decision-making process. Forced marriage has been forbidden; young girls, especially, have joined the party en masse as nurses and teachers, and sometimes as

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Scenes from liberated areas in Guinea-Bissau

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fighters. The living conditions of the rural population have improved dramatically: every five or six villages now has a school and a small medical center.

In driving the Portuguese out of these zones, the party has eliminated the Portuguese economy as well. In its place, the PAIGC has established alternative economic relationships. For example, at "People's Stores," agricultural produce can be exchanged for goods (textiles, salt, etc.) supplied by the party.

On the military level, each village has a militia made up of young volunteers, which is responsible for the village's self-defense, and for gathering information on Portuguese troop movements. Some milita members go on to join the Army of the PAIGC, which is the principal military force in the country.

The party has complete control of the military. Each guerrilla section includes one political commissar for every 10 to 20 soldiers. These political commissars are charged with maintaining good relations between the guerrillas and the population so that they can function together "like flesh and blood." Cabral himself used to spend months at a time in the liberated zones, inspecting, speaking at the people's meetings, organizing and reorganizing, working with the cadres, and holding party conferences.

In 1966, Cabral appeared at the Tricontinental Conference in Havana to represent the nationalist movements of the Portuguese colonies. There he gave his speech, "Theory as a Weapon," which brought him recognition as one of the major leaders of the Third World. In it he analyzed the role of ideology, the relationships between Marxist theory and the actual conditions (the level of the productive forces) in African societies. He also discussed the nationalist petty bourgeoisie as a potentially determining force in the revolutionary struggle. Through this speech, Cabral emerged as one of the rare theoreticians of the Third World, as well as a remarkably able political and military leader.

On the diplomatic level, Amilcar Cabral proved that he was a shrewd politician, able to carry out difficult negotiations with neighboring African countries—whether friend or skeptic. He succeeded in keeping his party free from the consequences of the Sino-Soviet conflict and carefully maintained a "nonaligned" status in the best sense of the word. "In order to co-exist peacefully, it is necessary to exist," he declared. "Therefore, we are struggling for that right." With great deftness, Cabral maintained his objectives without serving the interests of any big power, socialist or otherwise.

Never neglecting an opportunity to publicize his people's cause and weaken the international position of Portugal, he led a delegation from the Portuguese colonies to visit the Pope in 1969. He made several trips to Scandinavia, where the Swedish government granted him humanitarian aid for use by all the liberation movements in the Portuguese colonies. He also travelled in the United States and put his case before the United Nations. In Europe, only France refused him entry.

While Cabral was carrying out these important diplomatic missions, the Portuguese were developing increasingly sophisticated pacification techniques. They would, for example, take control of important hamlets and conduct helicopter offensives against liberated zones, following the pattern used by the U.S. armed forces in South Vietnam. The PAIGC responded to this tactic by increasing the mobility of its units and then gradually destroying the strongholds still held by the Portuguese forces. In this way, the party maintained its control of two-thirds of Guinea-Bissau. (To be sure, the Portuguese dispute this claim, but over the past eight years, the party has allowed dozens of observers to inspect the different regions they control; in 1971, for instance, the UN Decolonization Committee visited the liberated areas and verified the party's claims.) By 1972, the Portuguese controlled only the coastal strip, the cities and the central region occupied by the Foulahs—who had remained loyal to them.

Thus, at the time of Cabral's death, the PAIGC occupied a strong position in Guinea-Bissau. It had recently held its first Assembly of Representatives elected from all the liberated territories, and in October 1972 Cabral had told the UN's Decolonization Committee that a State Council would soon be proclaimed.

It is perhaps unnecessary to add that his death constitutes a considerable loss for the PAIGC and for revolutionary Africa. What will happen now in Guinea-Bissau depends largely on the party's ability to close ranks around a new leadership which would follow the policy line developed by Cabral. However, his political sense, his particular genius for combining intelligence, flexibility, firmness and imagination, will be hard to replace.

All those who knew Amilcar Cabral will remember his thin frame, the Guinean cap he always wore, his calm and humorous way of speaking, and his poetry, too. He lived only to lead his people to independence: an independence he hoped would be real, without a corrupt and privileged ruling class, without government ministers, and without a capital city. I remember a very large tree in the Olassato region where we arrived after a long journey, and he said to me, "You see, once we have independence this wouldn't be bad as a capital for our country: a tree where you could rest after a trip to the villages." And speaking of the future, he added a phrase which he often repeated and which I will always remember as his own: "I'm telling you, it's going to be hard!" ■

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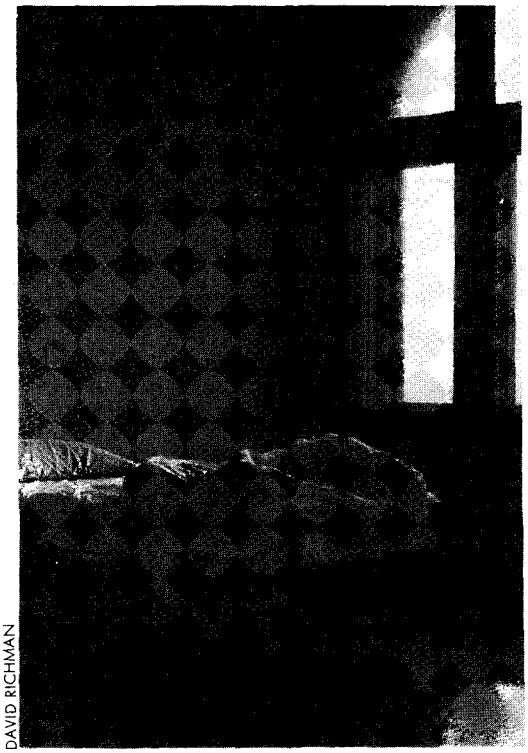
A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH

The Scandalous Conditions at Boston City Hospital



DAVID RICHMAN

by Jonathan Kozol

We lost a patient last week. . . . We would not have lost her if we had not had an inexperienced anesthesiologist.
–Dr. John C. Norman,
Boston City Hospital

On the morning of Thursday, January 8, 1970, the City of Boston woke up to discover that the century-old and long-respected medical-training center of its three prestigious schools of medicine, Boston City Hospital, had been denied accreditation for the first time in 104 years.

"CITY HOSPITAL LOSES ACCREDITATION" was the front-page headline in the *Boston Herald-Traveler*. "REPORT CITES 52 DEFICIENCIES. INCLUDES HOUSEKEEPING, FIRE SET-UP . . ."

In its letter rescinding the hospital's accreditation, according to the press, "the Joint Commission made 52 separate observations covering a number of deficiencies ranging from fire extinguishing systems to book-keeping practices to purported medical facility inadequacies." In the final category, the commission pin-pointed the need "for improvement in housekeeping in specified locations, need for re-location of the surgeon's dressing room to reduce potential outside contamination . . . and urgent need . . . for facilities to provide for proper separation of infected gynecological patients from the obstetrical-newborn area."

The storm that broke loose on that day in 1970 has not yet quieted, even though BCH was re-accredited in late December. It is the same storm that has engulfed such institutions as the Harlem Hospital and Lincoln Hospital in New York City, Cook County Hospital in Chicago and a dozen other ghetto hospitals in a dozen other major cities. The issue is not the old and almost comfortable issue of archaic plant or antiquated apparatus. The issue is black people. The issue is white medicine. The issue is colonial health-care in its most blatant and most devastating form. The issue is two-class medicine in a racist and divided social order. Yet these are the words nobody wants to use.

[*"Unnecessary mortality . . ."*]

Reaction in Boston was, from the start, defensive and apologetic. Initial response was overseen by John H. Knowles–at that time the best-known medical administrator in the nation. (After provoking a controversy at the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, he became director of the Rockefeller Foundation in New York.) In the curious position of being at once one of the nine trustees hand-picked by Boston's mayor to govern Boston City Hospital and director of prestigious Massachusetts General Hospital, Knowles' national reputation as a health-care liberal seemed to be imperiled by the Joint Commission report.

"There's shenanigans going on here," Dr. Knowles announced. "It's like being hit in the face with a cold codfish." Then, with a nod to the traditional faith in cost-free and inevitable progress voiced forever by the academic liberals of Beacon Hill, Knowles proceeded to promise: "Six months from now this hospital will be fully accredited."

It was one of several promises to the black and poor of Boston on which the medical power structure was not able to deliver. For more than 30 months, beginning January 1970, BCH would serve low-income blacks and Spanish-speaking people of Boston on a quasi-legal basis: lacking full accreditation.

Apologetic, however, evaporated quickly in the wake of still more seri-

Jonathan Kozol lives and works in Boston. He is the author of Free Schools *and* Death at an Early Age *(Bantam).*

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ous revelations. The latter were made public by an unexpected coalition of young interns, residents and nurses. Beginning in the summer of 1971, and continuing through the course of much of the next year, the House Officers (residents and interns) of BCH began to bombard Boston's press and public with a number of disturbing revelations.

• ITEM: Incompetent administration, near-total chaos in the patient record files, possible contamination of the pediatric wards, and worse—all of this had led to a massive emigration of the nursing staff, as 276 nurses walked out of BCH in less than one year. Statistics tabulated by the residents and interns for June-July 1971 demonstrated the results: Wards were left uncovered for as long as eight or sixteen hours in one day. Eight hours of supervision, according to a statement given to the press September 2, was "a rule rather than . . . an exception."

• ITEM: On ten occasions, during one week of observation, "an entire ward was . . . without a nurse for an eight-hour shift." Over the weekend of August 27 to August 29, according to the press release made public on September 2, "there were 15 such occasions."

• ITEM: According to a later press release (October 29, 1971), wards were still being left uncovered: this over a period lasting often "up to, and beyond, eight hours." Said the House Officers: "The patient suffers from this situation." The situation, they added, had reached the point at which it had begun to cause *"unnecessary morbidity and mortality . . ."* (italics added)

• ITEM: Medical records, said the doctors, were in total disarray. The Medical Records Library, upon which a physician must rely in order to make judgments in regard to diagnosis, surgery or medication, "currently has a backlog dating back to 1969." According to the doctors, 4500 records "are not complete and on the shelf . . . There are approximately 39 letter-file drawers packed with loose reports, not filed in patients' records . . . The medical record retrieval rate for the clinics is approximately 80 percent . . ." Since BCH clinics handle about 1000 appointments in an average day, this means that 200 patients every day were seen without medical records.

• ITEM: The report which had withdrawn accreditation from the BCH placed special emphasis on possible contamination of obstetric wards. In one of the items signed by a member of the pediatric staff of BCH, the additional point was made that chaos in the area of pediatric record-keeping was causing danger to the health of children. Said Dr. Patricia Moffat, in a statement that constituted the clearest possible warning to those people who had entrusted newborn infants to the care of BCH: *"We are having difficulty practicing good pediatrics in the present situation . . ."* (italics added)

The House Officers did not limit their condemnations to abstract polemics. In a series of documented narratives released on September 2, 1971, the residents and interns gave the Boston public a number of detailed instances of sickness, death and degradation in the wards of BCH:

• ITEM: The nursing office supplied a first-year nursing student to care for an elderly man suffering extensive burns. "Burns are extremely complicated, requiring a registered nurse, sterile-gowned and masked, to change dressings, apply medications, closely follow the vital signs, and give intravenous fluids. It was against hospital regulations for a first-year student even to take blood-pressures." The man died shortly thereafter.

• ITEM: "A 65-year-old woman four months after a heart attack was paralyzed by a severe stroke and admitted to a ward which housed two different medical services because of ward closings due to the nursing shortage. As she got better, she had to be moved to another ward which did not have continuous nursing coverage. Unable to call anyone to help her with a bed pan, she fell trying to get on a bedside commode unassisted and suffered a painful, non-healing fracture of the hip."

• ITEM: "A man with lung disease stopped breathing and was put on a respirator on a ward covered only by a licensed practical nurse who is not qualified to give the intensive care such a problem requires . . . The third day the patient was transferred to another ward where two registered nurses cared for 24 patients, ten on the danger list. He would have gone to the intensive-care unit if it was not operating at half-capacity due to lack of nurses. He died after five days in the hospital.

• ITEM: Another patient was expected to die after having a massive brain hemorrhage: "His family was told, but they still harbored hope. He was moved out of an intensive-care unit which was half empty due to the nursing shortage and the same day died when his respirator was accidentally disconnected on a large ward with only one nurse."

• ITEM: "Mr. C. was naked in the middle of the hall being weighed on a bed scale that looked like a fork-lift truck; after his weight had been recorded he was noted to have died and was put back to bed . . . Mrs. D. was found dead in bed and a rectal temperature on the bedside chart showed she had previously been well on her way to room temperature. When the nursing student who took it was asked her condition she said that she was better behaved than usual . . ."

[*"On the brink of disaster . . ."*]

There are these words in a statement of the Executive Committee of the House Officers Association of the BCH: "The professional staff of the Boston City Hospital is well attuned to crisis since all of us have lived in a somewhat varying, but always critical, situation relative to patient care. Invariably, each crisis has been met with a response which has been barely adequate . . . At this point in the 104-year history of the Boston City Hospital, the always critical situation has become catastrophic . . . The professional staff cannot provide levels of patient care which are even minimally acceptable."

Sober, straightforward and well-documented statements of this kind pose the obvious question: how is it, then, that there has been so little real response? The answer will be startling to Bostonians.

Boston's three prestigious schools of medicine—Harvard, Tufts and Boston University—possess a vested interest of a rather dramatic and unexpected character in perpetuation of the two-class apparatus. If it were not for institutions such as BCH, it is not clear where medical researchers, stu-

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dents and professors could find the varied, plentiful and unprotesting "materials" they need, whether for education or for research. This does not mean that schools of medicine possess a vested interest in perpetuation of poor hospital conditions. It does, however, indicate that universities and deans of medicine, for reasons of political self-interest, do not dare to interrupt an amicable and non-provocative liaison with the trustees and directors of the ghetto hospital. Ethics might call for protest; plain good sense might call for transformation of the physical conditions; yet short-term politics and short-term calculation call for diplomatic silence, acquiescence and collusion.

This point—that of the symbiosis which exists between the ghetto hospital and the school of medicine—has been articulated in unyielding terms by one of the most reputable doctors in the Boston-Cambridge complex. John C. Norman is a cardiovascular surgeon on the staff of Harvard Medical School and BCH. Norman is an associate professor at Harvard, operates the Sears Surgical Research Laboratories, Harvard Unit, Boston City Hospital; commutes to Houston, where he works with Denton Cooley, and to Washington, D.C., where he serves on a number of government commissions. He is widely recognized as one of the most distinguished research surgeons in the nation.

In an article which drew considerable attention in Boston when it was published in the *New England Journal of Medicine,* (December, 1969), Dr. Norman wrote: "To raise the question of . . . racism in consideration of . . . the problems of the ghetto is naive . . . The ghetto resident offers, in the depersonalized language of the medical profession, excellent teaching 'material.' . . . What better way to perpetuate the system of exploitation than to learn basic clinical medicine from ghetto residents and subsequently deliver that expertise to suburban patients?" Cynically, Dr. Norman added, one could argue that the ghetto is "best-suited" for such exploitation.

In a personal interview last April, Dr. Norman made specific reference to the situation here within BCH: "We lost a patient last week . . . We would not have lost her if we had not had an inexperienced anesthesiologist . . . What can I say? The situation is obvious to all who work here. The atmosphere is antediluvian . . . The hospital functions on the brink of disaster."

In reply to a question bearing on the quality of clinic service, Dr. Norman answered in these terms: "If my own daughter were treated the way that I see people treated in this place, I'd tear the hospital apart."

Grim evidence of the debilitated character of clinic service at the BCH was brought to light in April 1972. A confidential survey, compiled by B.U. medical students who had served in the gynecological-obstetric ward, made allegations of criminal malpractice, racism and discrimination. The survey, as reported in the *Boston Globe* of April 29, 1972, included these extraordinary charges:

(1) Excessive and unnecessary surgery is performed—not for the benefit of the patients, often, indeed against their medical best interest, but because the interns and the residents have need of one particular operation for their training purposes.

(2) Too often, when there are several possible alternatives, the more radical and more dangerous option is selected—not to benefit patients, but again to give the interns and the residents useful "experience."

(3) Records of patients are left incomplete, and do not give correct description of the operations that have been performed. That is: *They do not accurately record unnecessary surgery.*

(4) Coercion is applied to patients to put signatures on surgical consent-forms; permission is obtained, especially from those who do not speak English, without a prior explanation of the actual operation they are legally inviting by their signature.

(5) In one of the most shocking items listed, but presented with painstaking caution in the choice of words, the medical students expressed concern over "the possibility" that black and Spanish-speaking women might "more often be sterilized by hysterectomy," while white women are more likely to be sterilized by "less radical" procedures: e.g., having their tubes tied off.

The medical students, observed the *Globe*'s reporter, "recognize" that this final allegation is "highly inflammatory . . ." They emphasize (he said) that their observations only raise "the possibility" of such extraordinary practice. . . .

In support of these allegations, the *Globe* extracted several individual case histories from the twenty-five to thirty which the medical students had compiled.

• CASE ONE: A seventeen-year-old woman was admitted to BCH twelve

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weeks into a normal pregnancy for an abortion. The medical students charge that the three procedures available for abortion were not explained to her. The three options were (1) suction evacuation, (2) saline induction, (3) hysterotomy. "The patient was told it was too late for her to have suction evacuation." Instead, she was told that a hysterotomy was necessary. "She was never told of the possibility of saline induction."

The students charge that the choice of a hysterotomy was made exclusively for teaching reasons, not out of consideration for the woman's welfare. In support of this charge, they quoted the following exchange:

Student: "Why didn't you do a suction evacuation?"

Resident: "Fifteen weeks pregnant

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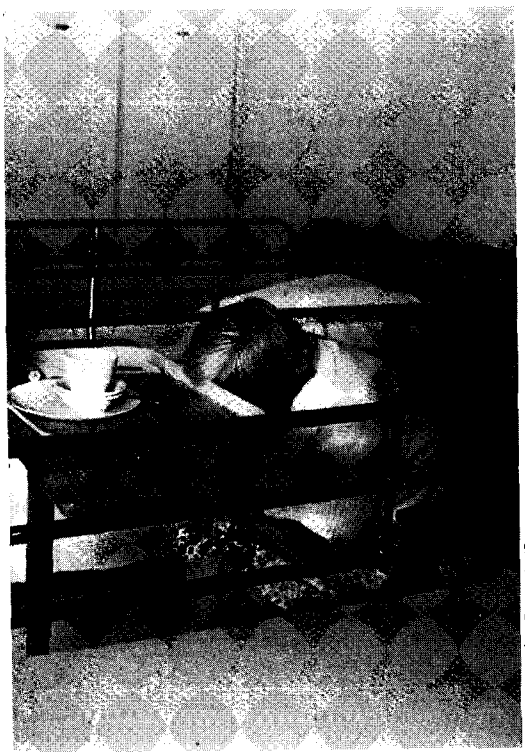
requires saline induction or hysterotomy." (*The patient was only 12 weeks pregnant.*)

Student: "Why wasn't a saline done?"

Resident: "Dr. X wanted a hysterotomy done for the experience."

In accord with the determination of Dr. X, the woman received a hysterotomy. If she ever intends to have children, she will have to have them by caesarean.



LYNN ADLER/OPTIC NERVE

• CASE TWO: A 36-year-old black Portuguese woman was admitted for sterilization. According to the medical students, there was discussion on teaching rounds with a senior resident "as to whether they could 'get' a vaginal hysterectomy 'out' of this case." The students allege that a resident outlined the following options in declining preference: (1) vaginal hysterectomy ... (2) total abdominal hysterectomy ... (3) bilateral tubal ligation (i.e., tying-off of the tubes.)

Student: "Why is tubal ligation the last choice?"

Resident: "We want the teaching experience.... She's 36 and doesn't need her uterus."

The student's report included these remarks:

"The patient wanted a sterilization.

"The patient believed she was to have her tubes tied.

"The patient did not realize or understand the papers she signed authorized a hysterectomy.

"The patient was adamant in not wanting a hysterectomy."

The report states that the woman hastily signed herself out of Boston City Hospital—to the probable frustration of those interns, residents and doctors who saw in her another opportunity to "get" a hysterectomy.

• CASE THREE: A 30-year-old Spanish-speaking woman was admitted for sterilization by tubal ligation. The students quote a medical report, which "indicates both ovaries are completely normal." *The surgical report does not make any mention of a removal of one ovary.* Notwithstanding this fact, however, a "pathology report" exists in which a lab examination confirms the right ovary—*having been removed and studied*—to be completely normal. According to the students, the lab-report gives evidence that "a normal right ovary" *had been removed.* The unnecessary operation was not entered in the patient's record; nor was it entered in the surgical report.

• CASE FOUR: A teen-age girl was admitted for an infection of the external genitalia. The infection was determined to be herpes genitalis. The resident, according to the students' allegations, told the intern to perform the surgical procedure which is known as a "biopsy" (i.e., to cut away a piece of tissue.) He recommended only mild sedation (demerol), despite the fact that the lesions were described as "exquisitely painful."

The students' report continues with this charge: The senior physician advised the resident that a biopsy would not yield significant data of any therapeutic use—i.e. of benefit to the patient. The senior physician observed, in addition, "that a biopsy without general anesthesia in the operating-room would be ... unforgivably painful ..."

The resident, however, proceeded against the explicit counsel of the senior doctor: "Despite this advice, the patient is taken into a treatment room...." The unnecessary- and "exquisitely painful"—surgery is carried out, "while the patient screams in pain."

These and other cases bear out the charge of racist exploitation of poor women for the sake of student preparation. We do not need to speculate for long upon the repercussions and reactions that we might expect if such allegations were lodged against The Mayo Clinic or The Doctors' Hospital.

Medical school reaction is well worth examination: The officials in charge of gynecology and obstetrics at B.U. were immediately brought forward to give answers. Initial defense was offered by the chairman of the Department of Obstetrics, Dr. David Charles: "Look," he began, "I was gone from the country for nearly three months." Having established that he was not present during the entire period in question, and therefore had no means by which to make informed replies, he then proceeded to attack the students' credibility and motives: "These students are trying to spread the blame around to some fine men ..." In the event that there might be some truth in what the students said, it still would be wrong—he said—to condemn the entire service "because of one bad apple."

The second-in-command of gynecology and obstetrics at B.U., Dr. Joel Rankin, offered a more serious refutation. These students, said Dr. Rankin, are not in a position to "evaluate" what they perceive or hear. Words, for example, spoken "in jest or bravado by a resident" could be easily "misinterpreted."

The response which carried the most weight, however, came from the dean of medicine at B.U., Ephraim Freedman. Dr. Freedman stated first that he had spoken with some of these students and had no reason to cast doubt upon their accuracy. This, however, was not the real point, in his view. The issue, he said, is not what has been done; it is the level of patient service that can be offered from the present moment onward. This, he said, "is above question or reproach." In regard to the past, he said he saw no reason to go "hunting" on the basis of "some allegations...."

In the opinion of several hundred black and Spanish-speaking women who had been mistreated in the previous 12 months within the B.U. service, there was, on the contrary, excel-

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lent reason to go "hunting" into "allegations," especially when those allegations raised some highly embarrassing questions about the ethics of those men who sought to neutralize their import.

It is perhaps only in an area of expertise which still is surrounded with the bogus sacerdotal aura of the medical profession that a liberal paper like the *Boston Globe* can seriously, and without sarcasm, quote from a man such as Ephraim Friedman in seemingly objective and compassionate exculpation of his own behavior: as if his words were not presented in the most explicit and straightforward justification of his own endangered reputation or that of his staff.

Few in Boston are prepared to say that deans and doctors in the well-known schools of medicine actually wish poor people ill. It is not difficult to show, however, that therapeutic, ethical and humanitarian considerations must repeatedly do battle, in the programs and priorities of medical professionals, with the more cold-blooded needs of research units and education faculties. It is only in this light that the deans of Harvard, Tufts and Boston University can explain their consistent opposition to a head-on revelation of illegal practices at BCH.

[*"The price paid . . ."*]

Statisticians, in health care as in other fields, tend inevitably to be conservative. Those responsible for health statistics in the state of Massachusetts are by no means an exception. Paul Parker, top-ranking statistician in the Massachusetts Department of Health and Hospitals, spoke to me in his office at Lemuel Shattuck Hospital in Boston during November 1971. Dr. Parker was reluctant, at the start, to recognize significant differences between his white and non-white infant death statistics. When at last, however, he sat down to spread before me sheets of statistical data which his office had prepared, two notable and disturbing items were immediately apparent:

(1) Figures for neo-natal death—death within the first four weeks of life—broken down by hospitals revealed that the rate of death at BCH in 1969 (the latest year for which reliable statistics were then available for Parker) was 20.1 per thousand. Statistics for the two prestigious hospitals which serve primarily white and well-to-do Bostonians presented an alarming contrast: figures for Beth Israel were 9.7 per thousand; those for the highly-respected Boston Lying-In were almost the same. Figures for Boston's two important Catholic Hospitals—those that offer pediatric and obstetric care, St. Margaret's and St. Elizabeth's—were 14.3 per thousand and 16 per thousand, respectively.

These statistics reflect in microcosm the classic breakdown of health service as it now is offered to poor people in this nation. In terms of infant death and early childhood survival, our chances are best if we are white and well-to-do; they diminish somewhat if we are white, but not so well-to-do; they diminish most of all if we are black or Spanish-speaking. Few available statistics speak with greater power, or with more disheartening arithmetic, to the price that is paid in life and death, in diminished cognition and in distorted growth, for the ongoing situation of race bias and class exploitation in our major hospitals.

(2) During my interview with Dr. Parker, I also was shown comparative statistics for infant malformation. These figures, which contrasted white to non-white infant malformations, were sufficiently grim that Dr. Parker asked me not to quote them without caution. He specifically asked me to be certain that I make quite clear that figures of this kind do not imply genetic differences: "There is danger, otherwise, that figures such as these might be misunderstood." They do *not* indicate genetic differences. They indicate, rather, that institutional discrimination in health services now offered in the state of Massachusetts—including (a) prenatal, (b) gynecological, and (c) obstetric services—does presently lead to an alarming rate of infant malformation, including mental retardation, among children who are non-white.

Dr. Parker had begun our interview in a rather cautious, apologetic and defensive state of mind. He concluded it, however, in a mood which was disturbed and sober: "In terms of neonatal death and of congenital malformation," he observed, "the figures for black children born in the United States are at least 50 percent greater, often two or three times greater, than the rate for whites. . . ."

"*The rate for blacks,*" he conceded, with the sigh of a man who, in the last event, cannot refute his own statistics, "*is just not coming down.*"

The national statistics present a similar story. Black children nationwide die within the first 12 months of life between two and three times as frequently as white children born in private hospitals. The national average (white and black combined) for deaths recorded not just in the first four weeks but in the first 12 months of life, is 20 infant deaths per thousand. In predominately white and middle-class hospitals, the rate is in the range of 10 to 15 infant deaths. In ghetto neighborhoods and rural slums, however, the figures start at 25 or 30 and go up sometimes as high as 60. In BCH, to take one obvious example, during 1971, the rate for infant deaths during the first 12 months of life—according to figures supplied by the hospital director—was 29 per thousand: 50 percent greater than the national (i.e., total black-white) figure, twice as high as the rate for whites alone.

If we look not just at total ghetto areas, but at specific census-tracts, we find entire blocks in which the infant death rate is a good deal higher. Dr. H. Jack Geiger, of Tufts New England Medical Center, reported in his well-known Lowell Lecture, "Health and Social Change," that there are "a number of northern ghetto census-tracts in which the infant death rate now exceed one hundred deaths for every thousand live births." This is close to ten times the rate in Scarsdale.

National figures are available also for the death rate among adults. The risk of dying prior to age 35 for those both black and poor is four times the average for the nation as a whole. Ten to 15 thousand people, mostly blacks and Puerto Ricans, die a death considered "medically unnecessary" each year in New York City. In the ice-cold language of health statisticians, they fall into the category of "excess mortality." The figure for "excess death" in newborn infants nationwide is estimated, in figures released by HEW, to

(Continued on page 48)

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ENDGAME

The Tactics of Peace in Vietnam

The Paris Agreements signed on January 27, 1973, are entitled "Agreement on Ending the War and Restoring Peace in Vietnam." Whether or not this will prove an apt designation remains to be seen. The historical precedents are not encouraging. Neither is the White House response to the settlement.

There are, at the moment, two very different versions of what was signed in Paris. The first is the text itself. The second is the version of the Agreements that is being presented by spokesmen for the U.S. government. The text itself is very close to the position the "enemy" has maintained more than a decade. Washington's version, which differs in fundamental respects, reflects the long-standing position of the U.S. government. We may ask whether the U.S. government version is merely rhetoric for home consumption or whether it is the framework for policy. It is probable that Nixon and Kissinger themselves do not know the answer to this question. They will feel their way, determining just how far they can go on the basis of the domestic and international response. One factor of no small importance will be the manner in which the U.S. intervention of the past 25 years is perceived within the mainstream of opinion in the United States.

The Paris Agreements state: "Foreign countries shall not impose any political tendency or personality on the South Vietnamese people" (Chapter IV, Article 9c). The White House "summary of basic elements of the Vietnam agreement" states: "The government of the Republic of (South) Vietnam continues in existence, recognized by the United States, its constitutional structure and leadership intact and unchanged." This government (GVN) has the right to "unlimited economic aid" and "unlimited military replacement aid." The latter will maintain in existence one of the more powerful military forces in the world (in terms of equipment at least) and a vast police apparatus. Furthermore, as Kissinger remarked in his press conference of Jan. 24, the U.S. maintains the right to provide "civilian technicians serving in certain of the military branches." He did not add that the U.S. will undoubtedly continue to train pilots and other personnel in the U.S. and elsewhere.

Kissinger further explained that the U.S. has adhered to its principle of refusing to "impose a coalition government or a disguised coalition government on the people of South Vietnam." The Paris Agreements, however, are broader. They require as well that the U.S. refrain from imposing on the people of South Vietnam a right-wing autocracy based on the military and a narrow urban elite, and consisting largely of former collaborators with French imperialism—namely, the Saigon regime. No serious observer can doubt that the GVN was "essentially a creation of the United States," in the wording of the Pentagon Papers, or that this regime has been maintained in existence through U.S. force. To take one crucial moment of recent history, it is generally conceded that the U.S.-imposed regime was on the verge of succumbing to a South Vietnamese revolutionary movement by late 1964, despite massive U.S. aid and direct U.S. military participation in combat and combat support for at least three years. General Thieu, for one, understands the present situation quite well. He has observed, in a recent interview, that "The French abandoned us in 1954,

Noam Chomsky's books include At War with Asia *and* Problems of Knowledge and Freedom *(Pantheon).* For Reasons of State *(also Pantheon) will be published soon.*

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and because of that, half of Vietnam fell to the Communists. If the United States does the same thing now, the other half of Vietnam will go." In 1954, France abandoned the quisling regime it had established, and half of Vietnam fell to what the U.S. government had ruefully conceded, years before, was the nationalist movement of Vietnam. General Thieu and his colleagues, most of whom fought with the French against the nationalist movement of Vietnam, quite naturally fear that their future is dim if they are abandoned by the imperial power that replaced France.

Washington, however, has now served notice that it intends to continue to impose the "political tendency" and "leading personalities" of the GVN on the people of South Vietnam. Given the historical circumstances and the context of the Agreements it is evident that for the U.S. to "impose" the rule of the GVN can mean nothing other than to recognize, supply, and directly support this regime, instituted and maintained in power by U.S. military might, as the sole legitimate government of (South) Vietnam. If words have any meaning, the military and police forces of the U.S.-imposed regime are mercenary forces—assembled, trained, supplied and paid by the U.S. These forces could not have existed in the past, nor could they now, without U.S. direction and massive support, just as the Saigon regime itself has always been entirely dependent on the imperial power that created it and kept it alive.

[A QUESTION OF SOVEREIGNTY]

The central issue of the war since the early 1960s has been the question of sovereignty in the South. The U.S. government is announcing that, in violation of the Agreements it has just signed, it will continue to impose the regime it created on the people of the South. In obvious defiance of the facts, Thieu asserts that the Agreements identify his government as the "lone legal government" in the South. Washington agrees.

The announced intentions of the U.S. government become still more significant as we look further into what is implied by recognition of the GVN, "its constitutional structure and leadership intact and unchanged." Consider first its constitutional structure. Article I of the GVN Constitution, which is unamendable, states that "Viet-Nam is a territorially indivisible, unified and independent republic"; the GVN "represent[s] the people of Viet-Nam," North and South. This might be dismissed as bluster, but not so Article V, which proclaims: "The Republic of Viet-Nam opposes communism in every form. Every activity designed to propagandize or carry out communism is prohibited" (*Congressional Record,* June 6, 1967, S7733). This Article provides the "legal basis" for the Phoenix program and for the various laws of the past years that outlaw not only communism but also "pro-communist neutralism." For example, "All plots and actions under the false name of peace and neutrality according to a Communist policy . . ." including "diffusion, circulation, distribution, sale, display . . ." in any form of material "aimed at spreading Communist policies, slogans and instructions," and so on. Nixon and Kissinger must be aware of this when they announce that they will continue to recognize and support the GVN, under its existing constitutional structure, as "the sole legitimate government of South Vietnam," in Nixon's phrase.

Consider now the leadership which remains "intact and unchanged," with full U.S. backing. Its intentions are no secret. "According to the semi-official newspaper *Tin Song* South Vietnamese President Thieu has issued shoot-to-kill orders to his troops and police that would take effect with the announcement of a cease-fire. The report said the orders cover Communist demonstrators, rioters, and sympathizers; deserters; anyone who raises the Viet Cong flag or takes part in Communist propaganda campaigns" (Henry S. Hayward, *Christian Science Monitor,* Jan. 23). Thieu has "reminded the commanders" that "police and armed forces are "authorized to shoot on the spot people who incite riots and 'applaud the communists,' " to "arrest summarily anyone who distributed Communist propaganda" or who "urged others to move to Communist-controlled areas." Furthermore, "anybody engaging in political activities as 'neutralist or pro-Communists,' or distributing currency to the Communists, are subject to arrest." These tactics, according to *Tin Song,* "Will remain in effect in Government-controlled areas after a cease-fire goes into effect," under "the authorities and powers granted by the Constitution and laws" of the GVN (*NY Times,* Jan. 23). "Saigon troops and police have been ordered to restrain the refugees—forcibly if necessary" if they attempt "to return to their homes after a cease-fire is declared." According to articles planted by the GVN in the press, "half a dozen actions considered 'pro-Communist' are also punishable by death" (Peter Osnos, Thomas Lippman, *Washington Post,* Jan. 23). "Saigon radio said troops and police had orders to shoot on sight anyone tearing down flags and banners or creating disturbances for the Communists" (Reuters, Jan. 24).

Shortly after the peace scare of late October, government-backed groups in Danang began distributing leaflets which "called on South Vietnamese to 'exterminate the Communists' before, during and after a cease-fire" (AP, Oct. 31). Thieu's closest advisor, Hoang Duc Nha, stated in an interview that with Thieu in power, communists "are afraid of an Indonesian-style coup even in a coalition. They are afraid we would cut their throats" (Laurence Stern, *Washington Post,* Nov. 30). Nha is referring to the massacre of hundreds of thousands after the military takeover in the fall of 1965. The Thieu regime proudly boasts that the CIA-directed Phoenix program has been assassinating civilians at the rate of better than 1000 a month (*Vietnam 1967-71: Toward Peace and Prosperity,* Ministry of Information, Saigon, 1971, p. 52). After an abortive anti-Sihanouk coup in 1959, the Saigon government diplomatic representative in Phnom Penh told British reporter Michael Field: "You must understand that we in Saigon are desperate men. We are a government of desperadoes." It is all the more true today.

The Paris Agreements state that the "two South Vietnamese parties," namely, the GVN and the PRG, will "Achieve national reconciliation and concord, end hatred and enmity, prohibit all acts of reprisal and discrimination . . ." and will ensure "democratic liberties" including freedom of speech, press, meet-

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ing, organization, political activities, movement and residence, and so on (Chapter IV, Article 11). Article 2 of the Protocols on the Cease Fire states that "All regular and irregular armed forces and the armed police of the parties in South Vietnam shall observe the prohibition of the following acts: . . . Armed attacks against any person, either military or civilian, by any means whatsoever . . . [and] All acts endangering lives or public or private property."

In short, the U.S. supports as the sole legitimate government a regime which is informing the world that it has not the slightest intention of observing the Agreements it has just signed. Its constitutional structure, which remains intact with full U.S. backing, is inconsistent with fundamental provisions of the Agreements and serves as the "legal basis" for subverting them. The announced intentions of this regime also clearly reveal its own analysis of the degree of its popular support.

All of this recalls the behavior of the Diem regime in the mid-1950s. The 1954 Geneva Accords, which Diem publicly renounced by Jan. 1955; guaranteed democratic liberties and prohibited reprisals or discrimination (Article 14c). Diem instituted "pacification" programs which the correspondent for the *London Times* and *Economist,* David Hotham, described in these terms: "They consist of killing, or arresting without either evidence or trial, large numbers of persons suspected of being Viet-Minh or 'rebels'." The Diem army conducted "massive expeditions" to peaceful Communist regions, arresting tens of thousands and killing "hundreds, perhaps thousands of peasants," destroying "whole villages . . . by artillery" in operations that were "kept secret from the American public" (Joseph Buttinger). Diem's forces were trained, equipped and advised by the U.S. His secret police "was largely the brain-child of a highly respected, senior U.S. Foreign Service professional," General Edward Lansdale, highest-ranking CIA man in South Vietnam, reported secretly in 1961, adding: "I cannot truly sympathize with Americans who help promote a fascistic state and then get angry when it doesn't act like a democracy." These methods were temporarily successful in crushing the Viet Minh and others in the South, in direct and immediate violation of the Geneva Accords, although the U.S. Military Assistance Advisory Group warned in July 1957, "the Viet Cong guerrillas and propagandists, however, are still waging a grim battle for survival" and still attempting to form groups "seeking to spread the theory of 'Peace and Co-existence,' " along with other similar crimes against the state.

As in the 1950s, the U.S. commitment to the Thieu regime signifies an intention to violate the central provisions of the Agreements that have just been signed. It is easy to conjure up some unpleasant "scenarios." Suppose that refugees attempt to return to their homes or that PRG supporters or neutralists of the wrong type try to make use of the freedoms theoretically granted them by the Agreements; the GVN proceeds with its announced intention of preventing this by force, shooting to kill if necessary; there is resistance to government terror; Nixon appears on TV to announce that the U.S. will not tolerate such communist violence and lawlessness—the bombers are now on their way; the liberal press denounces both the "communist atrocities" and the "retaliatory bombing." Whether or not something of the sort takes place, it is clear that Nixon and Kissinger have laid the basis for it in their response to the Paris Agreements.

[LIQUIDATION OF PRISONERS IN SOUTH VIETNAM]

Virtually the sole "progress" achieved by Kissinger between October and January is that the "question of the return of Vietnamese civilian personnel captured and detained in South Vietnam" is left unresolved in the Agreements, whereas the 9-Point plan of October indicated that they were to be released (Point 3). The Protocol on prisoners now states that "All Vietnamese civilian personnel captured and detained in South Vietnam shall be treated humanely at all times, and in accordance with international practice. They shall be protected against all violence to life and person . . ." There have been numerous reports of torture and murder in the prisons (see Holmes Brown and Don Luce, *Hostages of War,* 1973, for a recent summary). On December 29, 1972, two Frenchmen who had been imprisoned in Saigon for over two years were released. They reported beatings, torture and assassinations, with names and dates, adding that "all of this is under the control of American advisors who, we are convinced, are aware of everything that happens in the Vietnamese prisons" (*Le Monde,* Jan. 4, 1973). They also report that a few days before their release, "there were massive deportations to the Poulo Condor Prison camp," the scene of numerous reported atrocities in the past. They speculate that their sudden release may have been motivated by concern that they might witness what they expect will now take place: "a liquidation operation which might begin in the prisons." Amnesty International has since cited "evidence that selective elimination of opposition members had begun" in the prisons, and reports that "267 political prisoners were sent from Chi Hoa national prison in Saigon to the notorious prison on Con Son Island, home of the 'tiger cage' detention cells," adding that "300 prisoners travelling on a boat from Con Son to the mainland are reported to have been killed" (*NY Times,* Jan. 27, 1973). That U.S. officials are aware of what goes on in the prisons that are maintained with U.S. aid is hardly in doubt. The chief of the Public Safety Division in Saigon, Frank E. Walton, who publicly described Con Son as "like a Boy Scout Recreational Camp," signed a report on October 1, 1963 which stated that:

> *In Con Son II, some of the hardcore communists keep preaching the "party" line, so these "Reds" are sent to the Tiger Cages in Con Son I where they are isolated from all others for months at a time. This confinement may also include rice without salt and water—the United States prisons' equivalent of bread and water. It may include immobilization—the prisoner is bolted to the floor, handcuffed to a bar or rod, or legirons with the chain through an eyebolt, or around a bar or rod."* (Brown and Luce).

A significant element of U.S. "aid" to the people of South Vietnam.

(Continued on page 55)

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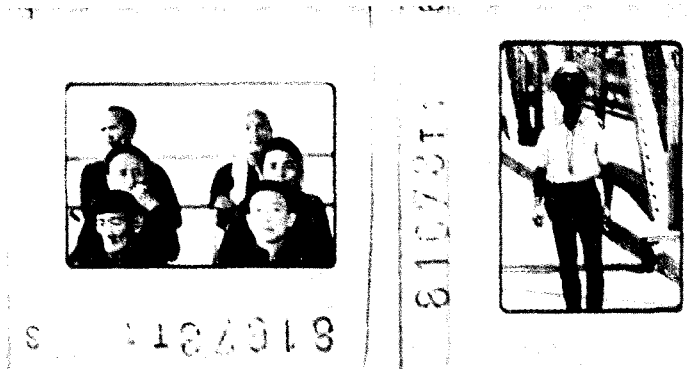

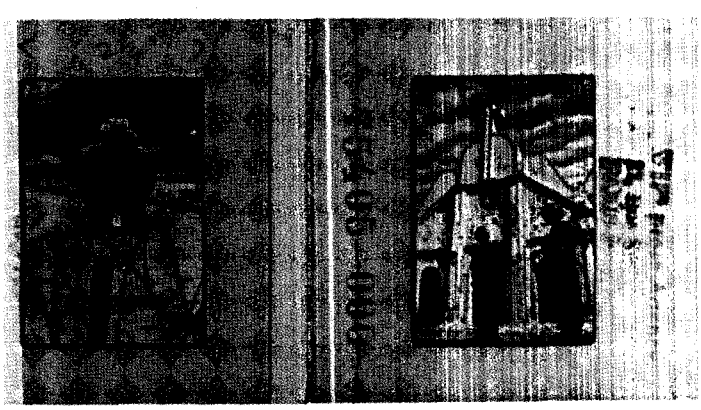

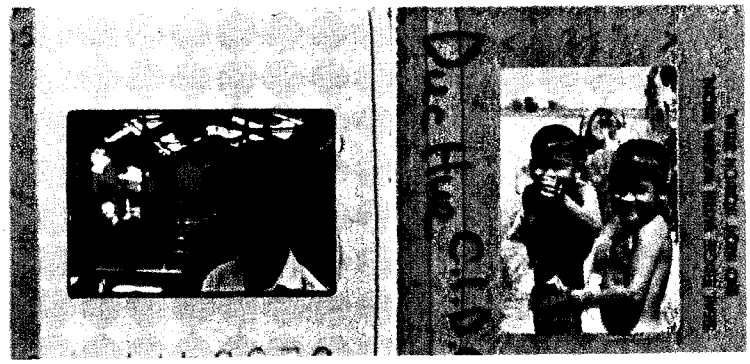
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A Modest Proposal:

On Increasing Respect for the Presidency

THE NEW NIXON: Suave, debonair and ever-youthful

It certainly, would be too much, to call this country a "pitiful helpless giant" merely because it has been defeated in war by "a two-bit nation," as President Johnson used to say. Still, it is undeniably true that America has suffered a severe setback in Vietnam and that, in the words of *New York Times* mahatma James Reston, "there has been a sharp decline in respect for authority in the United States as a result of the war"—specifically, he says, "for the civil authority of government." It is precisely to this problem, we feel, that the people of this nation must address themselves in the wake of our unfortunate defeat, for it is the *renewed respect for governmental authority* that, if anything, will lead us through the agonizing days ahead as we try to adjust ourselves to our new role as a one-bit power. In this regard, we wish to make a few suggestions.

Swallow Press has recently published a collection of Edward Sorel's major work from the 1960s under the title Making the World Safe for Hypocrisy. *Kirpatrick Sale, formerly a reporter for the* New York Times, *is the author of* SDS: Ten Years Towards a Revolution, *to be published in May by Random House.*

It seems clear to us that the first thing Americans genuinely respect is remoteness, dignified reserve, palpable inaccessibility. Who, after all, is more admired in this country than Howard Hughes? Look at Greta Garbo . . . Jackie Kennedy . . . Charles Lindbergh . . . George Brent—surely it is their very remoteness that makes them so admired. Thus we propose that Richard Nixon in the months ahead accelerate the process he has already so wisely begun of making himself inaccessible to the press and public—and Congress—until he achieves the true distance of, say, Emperor Hirohito himself. For, as royalty has known all along, distance lends not enchantment, but respect.

Next to remoteness, the American people admire no other quality perhaps so much as martial pomp, as Mr. Nixon clearly realized when he outfitted his White House guard with new uniforms literally dripping with the aura of militarism. We suggest, though that he now go even further. Is there any reason why the White House staff, indeed, the entire Cabinet—should not appear in appropriate uniforms? Would not even the bland and lethargic figure of someone

by Edward Sorel and Kirkpatrick Sale

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HARRY ROBINS HALDEMAN: wearing the official cabinet officer's uniform.

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like Herbert Klein gain a new measure of dignity and veneration if he were to appear before the TV cameras in a full-dress uniform, epaulets and insignia aglitter? And the President, too, we make bold to offer, might do much for the image of the Presidency were he to be seen dressed in the shiny white ensign's uniform he wore during his distinguished naval career.

In keeping with this increased emphasis upon things martial, we would suggest the further step—and again one anticipated by the President—of expanding the roles of those of German persuasion in the top levels of his government. *Herren* Kissinger, Erlichman, Haldeman and Ziegler do already, it is true, reflect a certain tone of Prussian dignity, and they should by all means be kept in prominent posts. But would it not also be possible to add such able men as Edward Teller, Werner von Braun and Gert Frobe to the formal ranks of the Cabinet? Can we not already imagine the change that would be wrought, the inestimable benefit to the national defense image, if the rather pasty and timid presence of an Elliot Richardson were replaced by the commanding medallioned figure of, say, Otto Preminger? True, no final solution, but surely a help.

The last essential quality the President should adopt to insure admiration is youth, an attribute Americans persist in admiring slavishly despite their obvious disdain for those who in fact have it. The President, no doubt perceiving this, has taken certain steps toward a youthful image—dying his hair, undergoing daily sun-lamp treatments, eating catsup and cottage cheese, dancing with no fewer than five 17-year-olds, by his own count, at the recent Inaugural Youth Ball. Yet more, we feel, must be done. As to policy, what about dignified participation in some youthful events, perhaps a Richard Nixon Surfboarding Open, or maybe the annual presentation of the American Bandstand Presidential Good Foot Cup? And on the personal side, might we suggest a slight modification of the present visage, with sideburns slightly longer, for example, a small bit of curl in the back of the hair, and—why not?—a neat but boldish mustache of the Mark Spitz type? It should not be long, we trust, until he becomes the living embodiment of the doctrine that youth is too precious to be wasted on the young.

* * * * *

Now we realize full well that there may be other attributes which would tend to insure Presidential dignity. And we trust that the White House staff, unburdened now from their Watergate responsibilities, will seek them out. But until the American people finally elect a man who *by nature* commands their respect, these temporary measures will go a long way, we feel, in assisting the Nation in rising from the ashes of victory and instantly solve the problem of eroded authority. Respect, as we all know, must be earned, not merely conferred. Nonetheless, we believe that these proposals, reasonably applied and administered by men of good will, would go far toward giving the nation the leadership it needs in these perilous times—might in fact insure that, in the words of our forefathers long ago, this nation will receive "a decent respect from the opinions of mankind." In an age of public relations, *that* counts more than anything else. ■

THE FUTURE CABI

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inger, Erlichman, Haldeman, Schultz, Ziegler, von Braun, Frobe, Preminger, and Edward Teller meet with the President.

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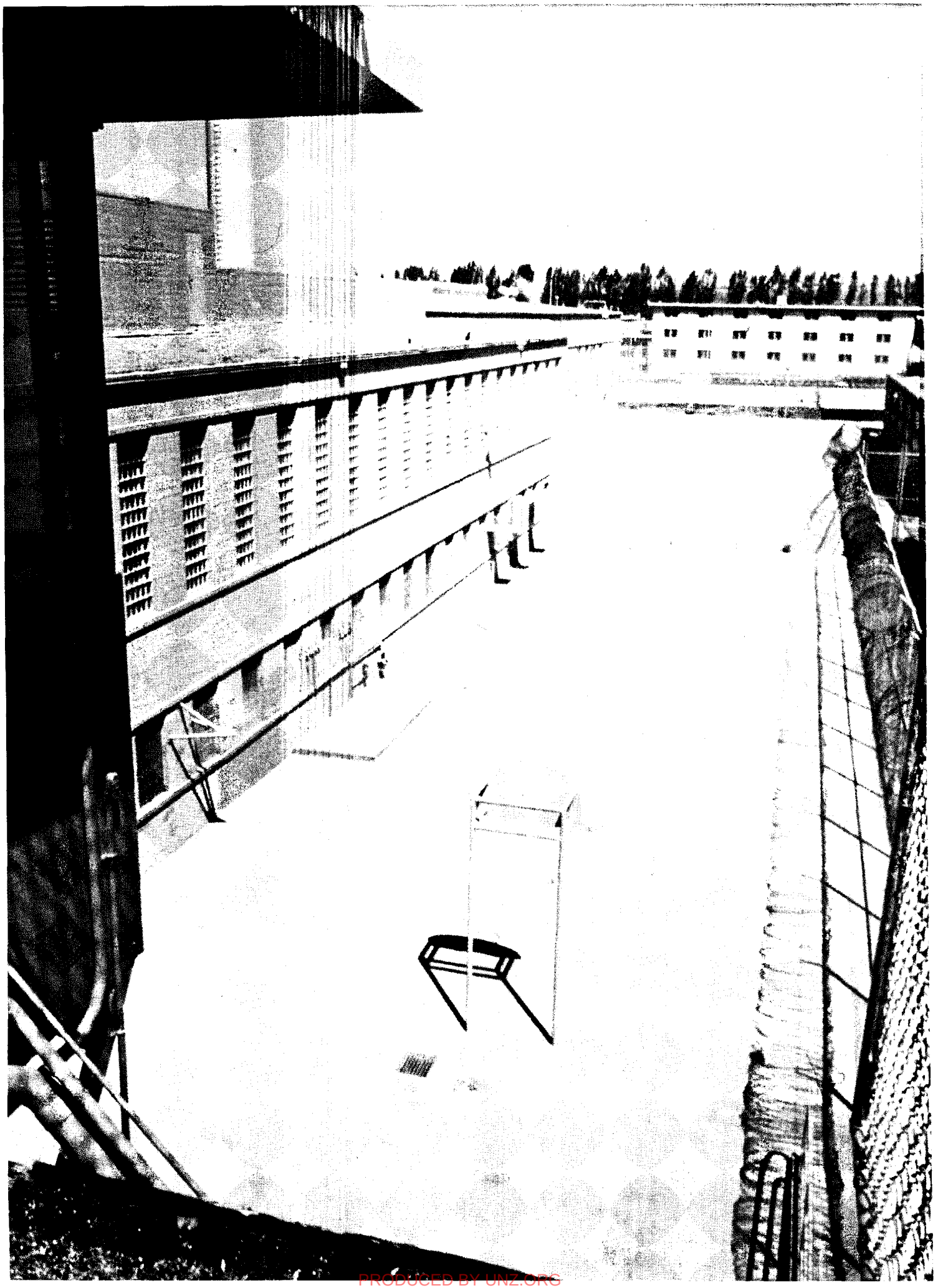

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DEATH ON THE YARD

The Untold Killings at Soledad & San Quentin

The guts of Soledad Prison is the "main line," a long corridor which Warden Cletus Fitzharris describes as "a quarter mile of madness." Branching off from it, like steel from a telephone pole, are the prison's various housing wings, dining halls, classrooms, its gymnasium and hospital. The prison's maximum security block, O-wing, also extrudes from the main line. Like the other wings, O-wing—called the Adjustment Center or A/C—is three tiers high. Each floor is a double row of small one-man cells, back to back.

While Soledad's 2500 main-liners shuffle back and forth in a daily routine of reveille, showers, mess hall, vocational training, industry shops and classrooms, O-wing inmates are locked in their six-by-nine-foot cells, surrounded by three sides of solid wall and a row of floor-to-ceiling bars covered with heavy steel mesh. Thirty minutes a day, on some days, inmates are let out onto a tier corridor to exercise. There had been daily recreational periods for basketball, handball and punching bags in a small, narrow exercise yard adjacent to the wing itself. The outdoor yard was closed and integrated exercise periods ended, however, with the fatal stabbing of a black inmate named Clarence Causey in April 1968. . . .

Because of the Causey death and the subsequent killing of another black inmate by guards, racial antagonism in O-wing was intense. Vengeance for violence and death to snitches are the two cornerstones of the convict code. The blacks in O-wing swore revenge. Aware of this, the guards stopped integrated exercises. The outdoor exercise yard, which had been used for basketball and handball, was closed. It was a time to tighten security. Henceforth, only one inmate at a time would be allowed out to exercise. . . .

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By the summer of 1969, mutual fears and racial animosities between blacks and whites had increased to such intensity that five O-wing black prisoners tried to take their complaints

W. L. Nolen

and fears to court. Led by W. L. Nolen, a prison boxing champion who was quickly becoming politicized, the group filed civil suits against Warden Fitzharris, the Department of Corrections and several guards. . . . The Nolen suits charged that the guards were aware of "existing social and racial conflicts"; that the guards helped foment more racial strife by helping their white inmate "confederates" through "direct harassment in ways not actionable in court." Nolen meant that his charges would be hard to prove, like leaving a cell door open "to endanger the lives of the plaintiffs." Also hard to prove was the fact that the guards made "false disciplinary reports" to keep blacks on max row in the "hole" for longer periods of time. . . .

In addition, Nolen swore that Soledad officials were "willfully creating and maintaining situations that creates and poses dangers to plaintiff [Nolen himself] and other members of his race." Nolen said he "feared for his life." The case never came to trial; four months after he wrote the petition Nolen was shot to death by an O-wing guard. Two other black inmates, one of whom signed Nolen's petition, were also shot to death.

The murder of W. L. Nolen, on January 13, 1970, began an incredible chain of tragedies that led the California prison system to disaster. The initial consequence was the first killing of a guard in Soledad history, a revenge murder, and from there the poison spread. In the 19 months following the January 13 incident, at least 40 persons were murdered as a result of events and circumstances in the California prison system. Of the 40 murders, 19 are directly linked to the series of tragedies which began with the shooting of W. L. Nolen. For the killing of seven guards, two CDC staff members and a Marin County judge, twenty-one blacks and two whites, all inmates, have been charged. No CDC guards or staff have been charged with the shooting deaths of seven black inmates.

These men died:

W. L. Nolen, black inmate, shot by white guard, O. G. Miller.
Cleveland Edwards, black inmate, shot by white guard, O. G. Miller.
Alvin Miller, black inmate, shot by white guard, O. G. Miller.

by Min Sun Yee

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John V. Mills, white guard, beaten and shoved to his death; George Jackson, Fleeta Drumgo and John Clutchette, three black inmates, charged, acquitted.
William Shull, white guard, stabbed to death; seven blacks charged, three went to trial, all acquitted.
Robert J. McCarthy, white guard, stabbed to death; Hugo Pinell, brown inmate, charged.
Kenneth Conant, white prison administrator, stabbed to death; two whites charged.
William Christmas, black inmate, shot to death at the Marin Civic Center.
James McClain, black inmate, shot to death at Marin.
Jonathan Jackson, black youth, shot to death at Marin.
Harold J. Haley, white judge, shot to death at Marin; Ruchell Magee and Angela Davis charged; Davis acquitted, Magee now on trial.
Richard L. McComas, guard lieutenant, gun suicide, after about a hundred Soledad inmates were transferred to Deuel prison; reportedly committed suicide because he feared for the life of his men.
Leo Davis, white guard, stabbed to death while guarding a "snitch" who testified in the murder of guard Shull.
Paul Krasenes, white guard, stabbed and strangled to death.
Frank DeLeon, white guard, stabbed and shot.
Jere Graham, white guard, stabbed and shot; five blacks–George Jackson, Fleeta Drumgo, John Larry Spain, David Johnson and Willie Tate, one brown–Hugo Pinell, and two whites–an inmate named Luis Talamantes and an attorney, named Stephen Bingham–charged with the three guards' deaths and the two stabbing deaths of:
John Lynn,
Ronald Kane.
George Jackson, shot to death by two white guards.
James Carr, considered George Jackson's closest friend on the outside, shot to death on lawn of his home; two whites charged.
Stephen Bingham, Berkeley attorney, charged with smuggling gun to Jackson and conspiracy in guards' murders, presumed by both law enforcement and movement persons to be dead.

Four other people were critically wounded in two of the above incidents but they survived.

Gary Thomas, assistant district attorney, Marin County, paralyzed from the waist down by gunshot wound to spinal column.
Kenneth McCray, white guard, throat slashed from ear to ear.
Charles Breckenridge, white guard, throat slashed badly.
Urbano Rubiaco, white guard, minor throat slashes, deep stab wounds to throat. . . .

How did all this happen? How did it begin? What were the conditions and circumstances under which a militant black leader like Nolen was shot and killed in the first place? Why was most of the evidence suppressed? Why is it that even now state investigators, district attorneys and prison officials quickly gloss over and cover up the shooting deaths of other black inmates but bring the full power of penal, investigatory, judicial and media forces to bear in the deaths of prison guards? Why is it that the circumstances surrounding the death of an inmate, black or white, can be suppressed and forgotten while the killing of a guard cannot be hushed up or forgotten? And finally, what beatings, what killings, what fecal-infested food, what dark filthy isolation, what parole refusal, what lies, what other indignities and what insight led or compelled the blacks to lash out and kill seven white guards? . . . And then what forces rushed to a cataclysm on January 13, 1970, when a corpulent white guard named Opie G. Miller squeezed off a shot that struck the breastbone of W. L. Nolen, a politicized black inmate who, for years, had been a close friend and comrade of a black convict named George Jackson. . . .

JANUARY 13, 1970: THE DEATH OF W.L. NOLEN

Sergeant R. A. Maddix, a stocky Southerner who carried his belly a few inches in front of his wide leather belt, was the program sergeant responsible for reopening the exercise yard. Although Maddix said he was aware of the "racial vendetta war" in O-wing, he stood by his decision that once the yard opened both blacks and whites would be placed in the yard to exercise together. The only way the staff was going to stop the racial war, he told a white trusty clerk named John Martin, was to put everyone on the yard, "and if there was trouble, kill a couple of those black bastards over there." As the opening of the yard approached, Maddix began talking about the officer who would man the gun tower. The gun guard selected was Opie G. Miller, who, like other guards assigned to gun towers, had trouble getting along with almost any inmate, white or black. O. G. Miller, Maddix confided to someone, was one guard who "didn't care and would shoot those black bastards and end all that trouble."

On December 29, 1969, Maddix handed out mimeographed sheets to O-wing prisoners informing them about yard release procedures. The men would be allowed to exercise in groups of up to 25. Each inmate would be allowed to carry a towel, since all the showering would be done in the newly installed yard showers. "When maximum yard is announced," Maddix had written, "each inmate who desires to go to the yard will remove his clothing and stand by with his clothes in his arms for release. *Failure to prepare for yard release,"* the directive continued in underlined type, *"will be considered refusal to exercise, and will result in the inmate's exercise for that period being cancelled."* Maddix's handout then directed the inmates to the O-wing sally port, a five-by-five-foot caged area, where the men would be given an unclothed body search. "So please cooperate," Maddix concluded, and signed his name.

When the prisoners considered the underlined sentence, mulling it over together with the almost constant exchanges of racial taunts and insults and the sly digs from Maddix and other guards, they concluded that "failure to prepare for yard release" was somehow equivalent to a lack of courage or simple fear. "It was like an insult," a black con told me. . . .

The O-wing exercise yard, a 40-by-150-foot concrete rectangle, was flanked on the west by O-wing's drab beige brick wall and on the east by the prison's hospital wing. . . . Along the O-wing wall, prison officials had placed a heavy punching bag, a speed bag, a pull-up bar, a water fountain and an open-air shower platform. A basketball hoop and backstop stood at the center of the yard near the south end, while the north-end wall served as a backstop for handball. Twenty feet over the yard, atop the dental wing on the south end, Soledad workmen had erected a wooden booth, the new gun tower for the yard. In the booth that

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January morning was Opie G. Miller, a retired Army man and a reputed expert with the .30 caliber semi-automatic which he held in his hands.

Miller, 51, had joined the Soledad guard staff in August 1962, a year after he retired from the Army as a non-com with 20 years service. A short, stocky man with an oval face and slightly receding cropped hair, Miller was a product of Woden, Texas, a small agricultural town that is excluded from most atlases. As a guard, Miller had a reputation among prisoners and staff of being sullen and severe. That was probably the reason he was often assigned to standing watches in gun towers, where he would have little, if any, direct contact with inmates. Two days before the opening of the yard, Miller was "checked out" in the use of the .30 caliber rifle. As in the past, he performed well.

The release for yard exercise began at 8:45 A.M., when W. L. Nolen's cell door was opened by a switch in the officers' area. "Prepare for yard release," a guard yelled down the max row corridor. Nolen stepped out of his cell and walked down the corridor to the cagelike sally port. As directed by the mimeographed sheet handed out by Sergeant Maddix two weeks earlier, Nolen carried his clothing and a towel under his arms. Inside the sally port, he handed a guard the towel and his clothes, which consisted of coveralls, foam rubber shower shoes, a T-shirt, shorts and socks. While the clothes were being examined for shanks and razor blades by one guard, a second officer conducted a skin search, looking for concealed weapons in the prisoner's mouth, under his tongue, in his hair, in and behind his ears, under his armpits, between his toes, under his feet and in and around his rectum and genitals. The skin search is routine for all prisoners entering and leaving the maximum security cell area. "Spread 'em," a guard ordered. Nolen grabbed his buttocks and leaned forward. The other officer handed Nolen his clothing and the inmate dressed to enter the yard.

Nolen was the first prisoner released into the yard. As he stepped onto the concrete pavement in the quiet gray moments of that Monterey winter's morning, he could look back over his right shoulder and see the armed guard, Opie Miller, above and behind him some 30 feet away. Nolen walked away from the gun, stepping across puddles of rain water toward the handball area at the north end.

Two white inmates—a lanky, lean-faced Chicano named Joseph ("Colorado") Ariaz and Howard ("Smiley") Hoyle—entered the yard after Nolen. The make-sheet on Ariaz described him as "assaultive" and noted that the Chicano "boasts about disliking niggers and considers them less than human." Hoyle was a racist himself. Just months earlier, he had stabbed a black prisoner in another wing of the prison.

Minutes later, Richard ("Cactus") Ferguson, "Hawaiian John" Fanene and Billie ("Buzzard") Harris joined these two near the hospital fence. Ferguson, 22, was doing three to life. Fanene, 24, was of Samoan ancestry. Soledad officials said he was "not necessarily a racist, but identified with whites." Harris was a white supremacist, a member of the so-called Aryan Brotherhood.

By the time the white trio joined their comrades at the hospital fence, three other black inmates—Earl Satcher, Ed Whiteside and John Randolph—were in the yard and had joined Nolen at the far north end. . . . The four blacks took a few steps to the center of the handball court and began warming up, slapping the handball against the cinderblock backstop. Nolen and Randolph played for a while but the ball sailed over the fence and they stopped. When someone threw the ball back over the high fence, Whiteside took Nolen's place. Satcher, both hands hanging onto the ends of a white towel around his neck, laughed and joked and acted as a sort of greeter to other black prisoners as they entered the yard.

STEPHEN SHAMES

Earl Satcher

Raymond Guerrero, 29, a white inmate doing six months to ten years for narcotics possession, was another veteran of racial brawls. Soledad officials said Guerrero had, just two months before this date, been in a fight in which a black was badly beaten. Guerrero was the eleventh man into the yard. While he was joining the whites at the south end, Hawaiian John Fanene left the group, walked to the heavy punching bag along the O-wing wall and began pounding it. Between jabbing combinations, Fanene looked toward the gun tower. He said Miller, the gun guard, held the rifle "poised," as if ready to fire. This worried Fanene because he had been wounded in the yard at San Quentin and still carried the scars. Fanene stopped working on the heavy bag and moved over to the speed-punching bag, where he kept watching the tower as he punched. He was watching when Miller aimed and fired the first shot.

When Thomas Meneweather entered the yard, he "automatically" glanced up toward the gun tower and found himself "looking into the muzzle of O. G.'s carbine." Meneweather, Soledad officials said, had a "serious disciplinary record." He made zip guns and bombs and furnished them to other blacks on max row. When he entered the yard, Miller motioned him to the north end with a wave of the gun barrel. Meneweather challenged Randolph to a game of handball.

While Fanene punched the speed bag and glanced nervously at the gun tower, another white racist was cleared for yard exercise. Ronnie Dean ("Harpo") Harper was a close friend of the whites responsible for Clarence Causey's death, thus having earned a special hatred from the blacks, who wanted to "tattoo some knuckles onto the man's face." Harpo Harper joined the whites near the hospital fence.

The last two blacks to enter the yard were Cleveland Edwards and Alvin ("Jug") Miller. Edwards, twenty,

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was doing a relatively lengthy six months to ten years for struggling with a police officer. Soledad officials didn't like Edwards because he had a "negative attitude towards authority. . . ." Twenty-three-year-old Jug Miller, who would die within minutes, was serving five to life for robbery.

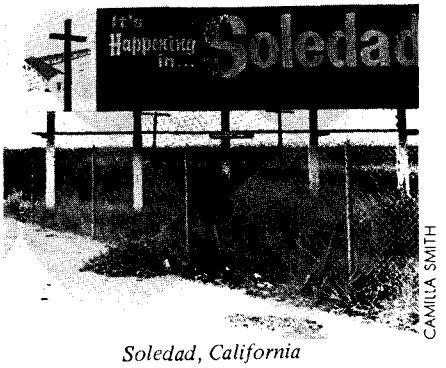
The last inmate to enter the yard before the shooting began was Robert ("Chuko") Wendekier, 21, a white con who was doing six months to five years for possession of a weapon. According to prison records, Wendekier was noted for "riotous behavior" and had "assaulted a number of inmates." Prison officials said that Wendekier, a Hawaiian, "goes with whites when trouble starts."

By now, 15 men had entered the yard. Each had been skin-searched for weapons. Almost all were considered "racist" by prison officials. Almost all had a prison record of racial fighting. All were aware of the racial score to be settled for the Causey killing. Since they were unarmed, no one expected to get killed, but a free-swinging, knee-jabbing, foot-stomping melee was anticipated as guards, inmates and prison staff awaited the beginning spark. It was like placing scorpions and black widow spiders in a shoebox. . . . As O-wing administrator Eugene Peterson admitted in a confidential memo to Warden Fitzharris, "Most of the men [in the yard] have been to the other lock-ups [prisons] at one time or another and know most of the inmates in the other lock-ups. The hate or alliances go deep and many are of long years standing, i.e., a friend of mine was stabbed by a friend of yours, so I'm going to have to stab you."

The carnage began shortly after Chuko Wendekier entered the yard. Wendekier walked under the basketball hoop in the center of the yard and ambled over to the fence, where he began talking with Harper, Harris and Fanene, who had just stopped punching the speed bag. The four men laughed and joked about the "niggers" playing handball, about getting out on the yard for the first time in more than a year, about the anticipated fistfight and about the gun guard pointing the rifle around.

When Fanene left the speed bag, W. L. Nolen began punching it. Nolen called to Meneweather, who had been helping Nolen with his court petitions against the prison, and suggested that they punch the heavy bag. Nolen worked with the heavy bag while Meneweather held it and watched. Meneweather had also been anxious about the gun tower. He noticed that the gun guard had his aim on them as they approached the bag and kept the rifle leveled at them while Nolen punched it.

Nolen, who had won most of the boxing matches he fought in prison tournaments, had just given the heavy bag a few combinations when Wendekier approached the drinking fountain along the O-wing wall. As Chuko passed near him, Nolen yelled at him and threw a quick right, slamming his knuckles into the white con's forehead. Wendekier returned three punches, then decided that Nolen, with his boxing experience, was too big and too fast to square off against. Chuko dove for Nolen's legs, grabbing his blue denim trouser legs, trying to pull Nolen down. Meanwhile, Fanene, who had walked up with Wendekier, was standing slightly behind Chuko. Fanene threw a few punches at Nolen, punches that whizzed past Wendekier's ear, but he missed. Fanene, his mind flashing quickly on the scar he still bore from the San Quentin yard, turned once more to look at the gun guard. He watched as Opie G. Miller aimed and fired.



CAMILLA SMITH

Soledad, California

The first bullet tore into Nolen's chest, piercing his body just to the right of the breastbone. A white witness saw Nolen sag to his knees, clap his hands behind his head, elbows shaking, and fall forward, his forehead slamming into the concrete. Wendekier said he kicked Nolen a few times, unaware that Nolen was bleeding to death. Meneweather, who had let go of the bag he was holding for Nolen, started for Chuko to stop him from kicking his black friend. He didn't reach Wendekier because Billie Harris and Harpo Harper jumped him first.

"Watch out," Cleveland Edwards yelled at Meneweather.

Meneweather, a powerfully built man and a judo expert, turned to meet Harris and Harper. He caught Harris in midair, letting the white con's momentum carry him, and threw Harris to the pavement. Edwards called that he would look after Nolen but as he ran toward the fallen black leader the gun guard squeezed off another shot. Edwards grabbed his stomach and fell on his face. The shot went through Edwards and smashed into Meneweather's left hand.

John Randolph and Ed Whiteside were playing handball when they heard the rifle shots. They spun around and saw Edwards fall to the concrete, holding his stomach. Randolph started running, zig-zagging toward the fence near the hospital, then back toward the shower stalls. He heard another shot. The bullet hit Jug Miller in the gut as Miller was running along the O-wing wall toward the fight scene. Randolph, who was just a few steps away, tried to grab Jug Miller to stop him from falling but he couldn't. Miller was dead weight. He fell near the pull-up bar and speed bag as Randolph let go and turned to face Billie Harris, who had got up from Meneweather's judo throw. Randolph and Harris glared briefly at each other. Then, glancing at the carnage around him, Harris decided to stop fighting. He walked a few steps, paused, and felt a burning sensation in his groin. He had been shot in the testicles.

Satcher, who had been pacing back and forth in the northwest corner of the yard, also had headed for the fight. By the time he got to the middle of the yard, at least three shots had been fired. Satcher squared off against Cactus Ferguson, each feinting with left jabs and threatening rights, but neither landed a punch. When the fourth bul-

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let was fired and both men noticed that inmates had actually been shot, they put their hands down. Two of the wounded blacks moaned. Harris, a testicle shot off, sat on the concrete pavement, loudly cursing the blacks and the gun guard. Satcher cupped his hands to his mouth and yelled, "It's all over with."

"Well, it better be all over with," Opie Miller, the gun guard, yelled back.

The four surviving black prisoners first tried to figure out who was the most seriously wounded. Satcher and Randolph, kneeling over Nolen asked how badly he was hit. "I'm probably hit in the leg," said Nolen, but his shirt showed bleeding in the chest and back. The men decided to move Jug Miller.

"Everyone was now waiting for the doctor," said a witness, "but after about ten minutes nothing happened. We then began hollering to the gunman in the tower to open up the emergency gate to the hospital, but he refused and just stood there with his rifle aimed at us." After 15 minutes passed, Meneweather decided to try to take Jug Miller off the yard. He kneeled down so two other black cons could place Miller across his back and shoulders. "I started to walk toward the door through which we had entered the yard," said Meneweather, "but the tower guard pointed the gun at me and shook his head. Then I started forward with tears in my eyes, expecting to be shot down every second, but the tower guard told me, 'That's far enough.' "

"If you take another step, it'll be your last," Opie Miller shouted from the tower. "Nobody leaves the yard until I get an official O.K."

"If they don't get back, shoot another one," Sergeant Maddix yelled from the open O-wing door.

John Randolph and Ed Whiteside carried W. L. Nolen up the hospital ramp but they were stopped by a guard who pointed a tear gas gun in their faces. "I started cussing and inching forward," said Randolph, "until the gunman in the tower told me to stop and pointed his rifle at us. So we stopped."

By this time, Nolen had drifted into shock and was trying to swallow his tongue. Randolph slapped Nolen's face and the wounded man calmed down. But a minute later Nolen's eyes rolled up to the top of his head and he started biting his tongue. "I began slapping his face again," said Randolph, "but to no avail."

While the blacks were arguing with the guards about taking the wounded off the yard, two white prisoners—Ariaz and Guerrero—moved to the north end of the yard and played handball. They played for about ten minutes.

Finally, three guards and two MTAs (civilian medical technical assistants) appeared at the O-wing sally port and walked onto the yard. The guards were carrying tear gas guns. An MTA stopped by each of the wounded black prisoners and mutely shook his head three times. The guards said the wounded could be brought in off the yard but that the men would enter through O-wing instead of directly up the hospital ramp to the emergency rooms. This meant a long circuitous route to the hospital, through the series of O-wing doors, down part of the prison's main-line corridor and through the hospital security doors. Both the blacks and the whites protested, arguing that the hospital gate, whose ramp jutted out into the yard barely twenty feet from the wounded men, should be opened. They knew that prison laundry was taken in through there almost every day. The guards refused. . . .

The bullets that ripped into Nolen, Edwards and Miller did not kill the men outright. According to witnesses, all three men lay bleeding in the yard for 15 to 20 minutes before officials would unlock any gates to take them off the yard. The guards never did unlock the two doors which led directly to the prison hospital. The three blacks bled to death.

A "corrected copy" of the highly confidential report of the chief medical officer at Soledad, Dr. Daniel W. Boone, stated that Nolen "was brought to the hospital in a moribund condition . . . from a circular 4 mm. wound in the right 4th interspace just to the right of the sternum." The bullet was about as close to the middle of a man's chest as a shot can be placed.

Jug Miller, the doctor said, was brought to surgery in a "near moribund state." Miller had a four-millimeter circular wound in the "epigastrium just below the xyphoid process," just below the middle chest, slightly above dead center on the stomach.

Cleveland Edwards was carried into the prison hospital "bleeding profusely from the left femoral area," a large artery in the groin. Boone reported that he tried to expose the severed vessels to control the hemorrhaging but by then the "subject had already succumbed."

Billie ("Buzzard") Harris lost a testicle. . . .

Word of the triple killings flashed quickly throughout the Soledad "main line." Within hours various groups of black inmates were demanding the arrest of the gun guard and a grand jury investigation. Investigators and attorneys from the Monterey County district attorney's office poked and probed, but after a passage of three days, there was no word on the progress of the "investigation." The prison continued tense, "like a fire-cracker fixing to explode," as one white inmate described it.

During the evening of the third day, the Monterey County district attorney told reporters in an interview that Opie G. Miller's killing of the three black prisoners was, in his personal opinion, "probable justifiable homicide by a public officer in the performance of his duty." When the black inmates heard this report on television, they were incensed. Within an hour a white guard named John V. Mills lay dying on the concrete pavement of Y-wing. He died in the prison hospital without regaining consciousness.

Mills probably never knew any of the truth about the killings on January 13. His death was revenge, cold detached revenge. Opie Miller—the man who shot Nolen, Edwards, Miller and Harris—took an extended vacation in Germany. The Mills death, the first killing of a guard in Soledad history, resulted in the arrest of three black inmates: George Jackson, Fleeta Drumgo, and John Clutchette. Due to the incredibly heavy-handed and racist treatment of these three men during pre-trial hearings in Salinas, defense attorneys won a transfer of venue to San Francisco, and the case of the three

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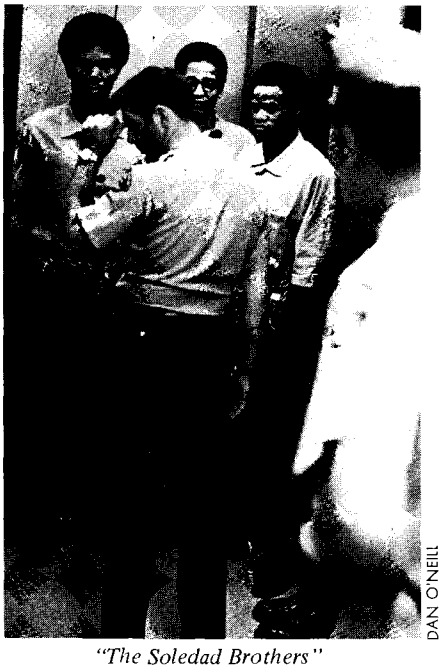
rapidly became a cause celebre *in California. Movement forces called them the "Soledad Brothers" and their*



DAN O'NEILL

"The Soledad Brothers"

case—which focused on racial injustice and inhuman prison conditions—began receiving wider attention and press coverage. It was not until August 1970, however, that the press really closed in. For it was then that George Jackson's younger brother, Jonathan, armed himself and entered the Marin County Courthouse. The younger Jackson emerged with five white hostages, including an assistant D.A. and a Superior Court judge, hostages they wanted to exchange for the freedom of the Soledad Brothers. In a murderous barrage of gunfire, Jonathan Jackson was killed. So were two other black inmates, James McClain and William Christmas, and the white judge, Harold Haley. Ruchell Magee, one of the survivors in the van, is on trial for murder as this is being written.

Within days of the Marin Courthouse shooting, law enforcement officials reported that Angela Davis had purchased the guns involved in the kidnapping. Warrants were issued for her arrest and she was captured in a downtown New York motel nearly three months after the event. Federal authorities delivered Ms. Davis to California, where she was imprisoned at the Marin County jail. Meanwhile, George Jackson had been transferred to San Quentin.

AUGUST 21, 1971: THE DEATH OF GEORGE JACKSON

San Quentin Prison is California's oldest. Because it has the only gas chamber in the state, it also became the most famous. It was here in the late spring of 1960 that Caryl Chessman lost his ninth stay of execution and was strapped into a steel chair to inhale the bitter almond stench of two cyanide capsules. It is here that Robert Kennedy's assassin, Sirhan Sirhan, and the Tate murderers Charles Manson and Charles Watson sit and sleep their life away. It was here that Ruchell Magee awaited trial for his involvement in the Marin County Courthouse tragedy. And it was here, on a plaza of flower beds and walkways, that George Jackson met his death on a late August Saturday in 1971.

Except for a gusty wind that funneled in through the Golden Gate, the day George Jackson died was sunny and warm. He had expected at least one visitor that August 21 and inside the Adjustment Center he kept asking the guards whether his visitor had arrived. The guards said no, even though they knew otherwise. Two people were waiting to see Jackson but the visiting room officer had told the guards on the telephone that they had not been "cleared."

The two visitors, a young, white radical attorney named Stephen Bingham and a black female activist named Vanita Anderson, had signed in at the prison's East Gate at 10:15 A.M.

Inside the East Gate, the two walked about 200 yards to the prison's security fence, where all visitors are required to pass through a metal detector. Purses, bags, tape recorders, briefcases and similar large objects, while not passing through the "inspectoscope" detector, are examined routinely by the guard at that gate.

That Saturday, Correctional Officer Bernard C. Betts processed more than 225 visitors through his metal detector. It was not his normal duty station but he had manned the machine before. It was another routine day for Betts. A man wearing a leg brace set the metal detector off. So did a woman wearing a naugahyde coat with three-inch metallic buttons.

Steve Bingham passed through the inspectoscope at about 10:20 A.M. Betts remembered that the young attorney was wearing a mod necktie and a corduroy jacket, his long hair combed neatly. Betts could not recall that the Berkeley attorney carried anything.

Vanita Anderson walked up to the inspectoscope carrying what looked to Betts like a portable typewriter case. Light-complexioned, with a mild Afro and wearing a pair of finely handcrafted copper earrings, Ms. Anderson was dressed in a three-piece checkerboard suit.

"What's your title?" Betts asked.

"I'm a legal investigator," she answered.

"Who are you going to visit?" Betts inquired.

"George Jackson," Ms. Anderson replied.

Betts instructed her to pass him the bluish-gray metallic case, holding it away from the metal detector so the case would not set the machine off. She thrust the case toward him "in a contemptuous manner" and Betts began examining the contents. The case was about 20 inches long, 16 inches wide and some four or five inches deep. Inside, Betts found several inches of yellow legal-sized paper and a tape recorder. The recorder was nine to ten inches long, five or six inches wide and almost four inches thick. The guard carefully removed the back of the recorder and saw four C-size batteries, various diodes and transistorized parts and a speaker. Betts did not try to turn the recorder on to see if it worked. He said later that there were about three inches of the recorder which he could not see. He also said that the tape recorder and the attaché case belonging to Ms. Anderson were the only ones which passed through his gate that day.

"You're clear," Betts said to the woman, returning the case. He picked up his phone and called the visiting room to inform guards there that the black female visitor was carrying a tape recorder inside her attaché case. . . .

The visiting room guard was Daniel P. Scarborough, a quiet, gangly officer who was well-liked by most of the

(Continued on page 49)

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CONFESSIONS OF A SINGLE MOTHER

Woman with a broken foot and with a two-and-a-half-year-old child needs a woman to help three hours a day to make meal, get child ready for bed." When I read that ad in our local women's newsletter, I felt that I had been there before. I remembered the last time I had had a serious illness, sitting in bed and leafing through the pages of my red telephone book for someone who might help take care of my daughter. I shudder at the memory.

I am writing about women who are divorced or were never married: women who are raising children alone. The illusion persists that the nuclear family is "normal" even though just 35 percent of the nation's population live in nuclear families. In fact, the number of families headed by women is rising more rapidly than the number of all families. But we are still pariahs. Our economics are marginal. Our needs are not met nor even acknowledged.

What exactly does a mother do when she has a broken foot? What does a mother do when she has to go to work and her child is sick? I remember the day my daughter woke up with a stomach ache and I took her to the doctor for a urine sample. I had cancelled a morning hour of teaching, thus forgoing my salary. (Like many single mothers, I work part time and haven't the luxury of sick leave.) When we got to the doctor's office, however, my daughter could produce no urine. We agonized for an hour and a half. "You'll have to come back later in the day," the receptionist told me. But, by this time, my daughter's stomach ache had vanished, and I had hoped to take her to day care so that I could return to work. "Can't I get the sample at home?" I asked, "I can't come back today, I have to work." The receptionist picked up a buzzing phone before she darted righteously at me, "Your daughter's health should come first." "She has to eat, too," I mumbled as we hurried out the door.

If we go to work, there are always guardians of the public morality to make us feel guilty for not being at home with our children. If we live on welfare we are the object of political pogroms, of the unending curiosity of social workers, of the Kafkaesque bureaucracy. In any case we are likely to be poor; likely to be tired; and, despite all our efforts, likely to be witnesses to the sufferings of our children.

Statistics yield up some part of the truth. There are 5.6 million families in the U.S. headed by women, more than one family in ten. According to Department of Labor yardsticks, about one third of these families live in poverty whether the mother is working or not. We make up 35 percent of all families living in poverty. Of families earning under $2,000 a year, 63 percent are headed by women, while of families earning $10,000 or more, the figure is only two percent.

But these figures show nothing of the struggle to survive, the battle a woman goes through, with the divorce courts, the county welfare office, the job market, to find day care, to somehow get through each day , each year, and feed herself and her children.

According to popular myth, divorced men are hounded into poverty by avaricious, lazy and luxury-seeking females. The facts argue differently. According to a report written by the Citizens Advisory Council on the Status of Women, "The rights to support of women and children are much more limited than is generally known and enforcement is very inadequate ... fathers by and large are contributing less than half the support of children in divided families; and ... alimony and child support awards are very difficult to collect."

The logic of the divorce court is in fact based on the false assumption that the earning powers and leisure to use those earning powers are equal for both the mother and the father.* In the lives of real people, these assumptions make for poverty for the mother and her children, but not necessarily for the children's father. Take the hypothetical couple Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Mr. Smith earns about $640 a month, the national average for a full-time male worker in 1968. He is ordered by the court to pay $125 for the support of his child. If one deducts that amount from his salary, Mr. Smith is left with $515 a month for himself.

Mrs. Smith and her child are not quite so well off. Of course she cannot live on $125 a month, so she invests this child support payment in full-time day care (which usually costs from $100 to $150 a month) and goes out looking for work. The unemployment rate is a third higher for women than for men, but let's forget that and assume Mrs. Smith is lucky enough to find a job. She begins to earn the median national salary for a full time working woman in 1968—that is, about $370 a month. (In fact, the average salary for a woman with children is somewhat lower: $333 a month.) Thus both Mrs. Smith and her child live on less than three quarters of what Mr. Smith alone has—assuming, of course, that Mr. Smith *does* make his child support payments; in real life, he often neglects to do that.

I had my own experience with the California divorce courts. As I sat in

Susan Griffin, who lives in the San Francisco Bay Area, is a writer, poet and teacher. She has published a book of poems, Dear Sky *(Shameless Hussy Press).*

* The idea that a mother might be paid for her child rearing and housekeeping activities is totally foreign to the court.

by Susan Griffin

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court awaiting our case, watching the other divorce cases before us, my faith in a blindly impartial justice began to wane; by the end of the day it was dead. My female lawyer and I sat and listened as the male judge counseled a man and wife to continue living together under the same roof in separate bedrooms as a solution to the man's money troubles. The wife was opposed to this; the husband, not. Her lawyer pleaded that the husband's presence seriously disturbed the children and that, in a fight, he tended to violence. None of this cut any ice with the judge, who was principally concerned about the husband's credit rating.

I fared no better. The judge was told that I was going to graduate school and was teaching part time. He suggested, as a solution to my financial problems, that I take my three-year-old daughter out of day care and save that cost. He saw no reason why I could not continue work for my Master's degree, teach, write, and watch after a three-year-old at the same time. I looked around at his silent, antiseptic, orderly courtroom and wished suddenly that it could be filled for a moment with babies and toddlers—screaming, turning over the shiny flagstands, gurgling scatalogical nonsense despite all the rapping of his little gavel.

Rarely is child support or alimony adequate for a woman and her children to live on, even if it is paid. So to stay off welfare, most women must find work. But before she can accept work, a mother must find decent day care, and her search is often fruitless. A recent article in the *New Republic* estimated that, nationally, 50 percent of the children of working parents are left in unlicensed centers, with relatives, or alone. In Berkeley, supposed to be a progressive city providing better than average services for children, although 12,000 children need day care, facilities exist for only 2,000.

Recently I heard a story about a child—part of that 50 percent. Her mother had been attending secretarial school during the day, hoping that better skills might find her work. Her welfare grant left no money for babysitting, so she left her five-year-old daughter at home alone. She had taught the child how to cook her own breakfast and one morning, when the little girl was alone, the stove failed to ignite; she leaned over the burner and the gas fumes exploded. Her clothes caught fire. By running down the hallway in her burning clothing and jumping into a shower she saved her life, but now, from her waist to her neck, she has only scar tissue. Her nipples were burned off entirely.

Last summer I had my own experience with an unlicensed day care center. Because my daughter's regular day-care teacher was on vacation, I was searching for a temporary center, and went one day to observe "The Boat," an informal arrangement described as "free," experimental, spontaneous and all the other words that are vaguely associated with the Summerhill experience.

I knocked at the screen door and after several minutes was told to come in by what sounded like a child's voice. My three-year-old daughter and I walked into a group of ten or more children whose ages varied from infancy to about six years. They were sitting in a semi-circle, oddly, doing nothing at all except to stare at us in mute hostility. My daughter quickly clung to the end of my blouse and disappeared behind my legs.

I called somewhere into the guts of the house for an adult, hoping that the children would begin to play with the toys scattered about the room, to talk to each other, or even to scream. But they remained silent. Eventually a tall, bearded man appeared. He, like the children, did not smile, but instead gave us a surly, distrustful look. Before we could speak, one of the children—an older, thin, dark boy—spilled his soda pop on the floor. Though the spill was clearly an accident, the man called out in an angry voice, "Goddamn it, what did ya have to do that for? What a drag!" The child obediently answered that he would clean up the mess and ran toward the kitchen. "Yeah, but that doesn't help me man!" the man answered.

In a rather choked voice I explained to him that I had come because I might want to leave my daughter there. I asked if any activities were ever planned for the children, waving my hand to indicate the group that still sat and stared in silence, as if they were our jury. He looked at me in amazement, and then looked away, as if his attention were on the inner eye, and proceeded to lecture me about allowing children freedom—"doing their own thing"— not forcing them to read or "laying trips on them."

In the course of our talk, all of the children, except for my daughter, had run out the screen door into a front yard that was not fenced. I watched them disperse over the neighborhood. "You don't have a fence?" I asked, as subtly as I could manage. "We don't believe in fences," he said defiantly.

By now, my daughter was crying, "Don't leave me, Mommy." As we walked together to our car, we passed by the children, now at least animate, playing a game of tag over the neighborhood lawns. A baby in diapers, part of the group, was making a shaky way toward the sidewalk, and a moving truck was barreling down the street at 30 miles an hour.

The mother who is looking for work is faced with this example of Catch-22: in order to be put on a day care waiting list, she must be employed; yet, in order to be employed, she must have day care. Then again, where public day care facilities exist, the places are few and far between, and the waiting list can be as long as a childhood.

With a matching grant from HEW, a handful of parents at Oakland, California's Grove Street College have set up a day-care center to look after their children while they are in school. The existence of this center is constantly in question because money must be raised from the community by the parents themselves. Still, the center allows at least one woman to try to get past the welfare system.

Janet, a student at the college, is a young black woman with a two-and-a-half-year-old son. She is learning business and secretarial skills. She puts her son in the Grove Street Center while she is in class, and in turn contributes several hours of her week working there. She does most of her studying in her two room apartment with her son, frequently interrupting her work to pull him out of trouble, change a diaper, or give him a slap on the wrist.

She and her son live on a welfare

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grant of $176 a month. She pays $100 for rent, $26 for $64 worth of food stamps, and then the gas, water and garbage bills. She has no money left for transportation; she and her son hitchhike back and forth to school.

If Janet finds a job as a secretary, she may have a starting salary of $550. That sounds like an immense improvement over $176. But one must deduct expenses. To begin with, $125 a month for day care, and another $20 for babysitting. (She probably, at the very least, has to hire a sitter for the rush hour, since most day-care centers close at 5 P.M.) She will have car payments if she has a new car, or repair bills, if she has a second-hand car, gas and insurance—all amounting to at least another $100. Her food bill will be high, probably at least $80, since she cannot spend a great deal of time cooking or shopping selectively. Her rent will be at least $175 (if she does not stay in her current ramshackle apartment in one of Oakland's industrial areas). Added to that she will have utility bills of $30. And then, if she is a secretary, the prevailing standards demand that she dress well. Stockings alone cost $10 a month.

But when her expenses are added up, they already consume most of her income! And we have made no provisions for taxes, medical bills, dental bills, books, movies, toys, a television, furniture—anything in life which yields a little pleasure.

But she will not have much time to spend money. She will be free of the welfare system, yet she will have new troubles. She will have to be up by 6:30 in order have her child to a day-care center by 7:30 and herself to work by 8:00 A.M. She will work until 5:00, unless she is asked to work overtime. She may, if she does not have to commute, be home by 5:30. Then she has to pick up her son, shop, prepare dinner, do the dishes, bathe her child, read him a story, put him to bed. She might be finished by 9:00 P.M.

On the weekends she can vacuum, scrub the kitchen floor, clean the bathroom, or work in the garden. Even if she or her child do not get sick she has a difficult life. Still, she will be living in a house that isn't standing at a 45-degree angle. And she will have a large part of her dignity back. She will not have to tell her employer every detail of her life, itemize every penny she spends, or yield to his suspicious glance her bank books, rent slips, and birth certificate.

Most of us regard the welfare system as our worst nightmare: we struggle against high odds to get off welfare, or to stay off, and most women are on welfare for only two or three consecutive years. (A friend of mine, a scholar in the labyrinthine realities of social services, calls welfare "the poor woman's unemployment insurance.") Yet, according to a 1970 census, three fifths of the families with children headed by women were on welfare. It is not easy to stay off the rolls.

There is, for example, the story of Sarah, who was working 80 hours a week as a process server to support herself and her son and avoid the welfare rolls. After almost a year of this existence, she decided to go back to school, hoping that a degree would allow her to find more meaningful work and give her more time with her son. She reduced her working time to 40 hours a week, obtained a bank loan, and enrolled for 15 units of undergraduate study. In two weeks of trying to live up to this schedule, she had a breakdown. Friends recall her sitting in the corner and crying. She does not remember.

She was hospitalized for a short time and then went home to live with her family. While her mother took care of her son, she was able to rest. Eventually, she got back on her feet and returned to school—only to discover, as she neared graduation with an "A" average, that graduate schools weren't interested in giving her a scholarship. Her male friends, many with poorer academic records, fared better. She quit school in despair and is once again living on welfare.

In this society, to be a mature adult is to be cynical and to understand that reverence exists only in relation to power, and that most often the very young and the very old are the least powerful and therefore most vulnerable. Consider that among the nation's poor, the elderly and children under 16 make up the largest sector.

In our society it is the child's parents who must speak for her or him. And thus the child who has a father does better in this world because women have less power. Even among other women, the woman who is raising children alone has a soft voice, or no voice at all. She is too busy struggling for survival to speak out.

And what does the child learn from this? A child can survive without swimming or dancing lessons, preventive dentistry, a Saturday at the movies. But what is the result? A 16 year old may be able to understand budgets and economy, but not a three year old, not a seven year old. Do they interpret your frugality as a lack of love? Do they feel that another child with newer clothes is somehow intrinsically superior?

And the effect of inadequate day care may be even more devastating, for it is during childhood that the adult psyche develops. What may be simple unhappiness in an adults' life can cause irreparable damage to a child. Yet there is no evidence that day care in itself is bad for children; indeed, the facts argue the contrary, that children in loving and creative day care develop at a much faster rate than do children at home. In a sense, children kept at home alone with their mothers are be-

I have come to believe that the claim that children should stay home with their mothers until school age is often a rationalization for society's unwillingness to be bothered with the care of these children. In the same year, President Nixon vetoed a bill for child care, claiming that he wanted to protect the nuclear family, and initiated a program which would force welfare mothers to put their children into day-care centers and seek work. This latter plan, ironically, is now under criticism from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare because the cost of day care and job training would "exceed the value to society of the work such mothers would perform."

In the last analysis, any society must be judged in terms of the way it treats its weakest, its most vulnerable members. This is a nation, and a world power, run by and for the benefit of a minority—grown-up white men who complain louder than all the children in the world about a meager welfare program while they themselves steadily waste the world's resources in pollution and warfare. We can only judge such a society as a failure. ■

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THE MORROW OF VICTORY

by Tamara Deutscher

Year One of the Russian Revolution, by Victor Serge, translated and edited by Peter Sedgwick (Holt, Rinehart and Winston).

It was only in the "Year Two" of the Russian Revolution that Victor Serge, like so many foreign communists, went, full of hope and enthusiasm, to the promised land of the Soviets. "We are revolutionaries—we are going to Russia," they proudly declared to any chance acquaintance met on their voyage to the Finland Station. "We are leaving the void, and entering the kingdom of will . . . A land awaits us where life is beginning anew, where free will, enlightenment and an inexorable love of mankind are in action. Behind us all Europe is ablaze, having choked almost to death in the fog of its own massacres."

For Serge this was, in addition, a return to the country of his revolutionary forefathers: less than three decades before, a relative of his father, the brilliant scientist-engineer-inventor N. Kibalchich, was hanged, in 1881, together with Zhelyabov and Perovskaya, for his part in the attempt on the life of Tsar Alexander II. Serge's father, himself involved in the Narodniks' struggle, escaped from Russia to the comparative "free-will and enlightenment" of Western Europe. Victor Kibalchich-Serge was born in Belgium in 1890 and had rebellion in his bloodstream. Not for him the bourgeois stolidity of Belgium—at the age of 20 he fled to Paris. There he edited *Anarchie,* a little Individualist weekly, became involved with the "Bonnot bandits" who were led by their highly idealistic motives into senseless terroristic acts—Serge was attracted by the former and repelled by the latter. French justice, unable to comprehend the subtle dichotomy, confined him to jail for five years. Released from prison and expelled from France, he went to Barcelona and plunged into the insurrectionist street fighting of 1917.

To him as individualist-anarchist-syndicalist, the Marxist view of the world was alien and uncongenial, yet the call of the class struggles in Russia became irresistible. He tried to reach Petrograd via France. But the French saw in him a "Bolshevik suspect" and put him behind the barbed wires of a concentration camp. Only after the Armistice was he released and exchanged for a French officer interned by the Soviet government.

He reached Russia in January 1919. The confrontation of revolutionary dream with revolutionary reality produced a shock: "We were entering a world frozen to death," he wrote in his Memoirs. What he saw were "dead houses . . . abandoned city . . . a gaunt soldier . . . a woman freezing under her shawls . . . starving horses . . . passers-by eaten by cold and hunger . . . faces ghastly white . . ." His enthusiasm became thickly overlaid with anguish.

And yet enthusiasm and hope prevailed. With all his energy and fervour he rallied to the defence of the revolution—first, arms in hand, in a Communist battalion; then, pen in hand, in the work for the Communist International. Right from the start the political and intellectual discipline of the Bolsheviks jarred on his individualist-libertarian and artistic-Bohemian attitudes. In spite of this, he joined the Soviet Communist Party in 1919, at a time when the party was still tolerant enough to allow, and even to welcome, a dissident in its ranks. Soon, however, the party's "tolerance" decreased rapidly, while Serge's unorthodoxy was, understandably, growing apace. By 1923 he became a firm adherent of the Left Opposition.

Convinced that Revolutionary Russia, bled white, hungry and "in the grip of the Bolshevik dictatorship," was bound to collapse if left to itself, he went to Berlin, on a Comintern assignment, and became an editor of *Inprekorr.* His duty, as he saw it, was "to build a Western working-class movement capable of supporting the Russians and, one day, superseding them."

In 1926 he returned, however, to the doomed first and only "workers' state." In 1928 he was arrested, then released. In 1933 he was re-arrested and deported to Orenberg in Central Asia. This created a scandal in France, where Serge had already made for himself a name as a novelist, publicist, and pamphleteer. The *"Affaire"* became embarrassing to the Communists and to Stalin. "Friends of the Soviet Union," like André Malraux and Romain Rolland, intervened and in 1936 Serge was allowed to leave Russia for Belgium and France.

From there—all his hopes wilted—he watched the drama of the Spanish civil war, the hypocrisy of the Popular Front, the inexorable defeat of the European left. Small groups of anti-Stalinist communists had Serge's sympathy, but he found that none of them had any fresh insights or positive action to offer. The artist in him felt nearest to Trotsky, the man of vision and "the last survivor of a generation of gaints." But Trotsky was a Marxist and a Bolshevik, and it was precisely Marxism and Bolshevism that Serge blamed for the degeneration of the Russian revolution; what he was yearning for was a Declaration of the Rights of Man and a somewhat undefined concept of Liberty.

I have sketched Serge's profile because it is a necessary background to his book, *Year One of the Russian Revolution,* which has just been translated, though it was first published in France in 1930. It might well have as its subtitle "The Revolution at Death's Door" (The expression is Sedgwick's.) It is the profound and intense drama of the victorious revolution fighting for its survival in a country dripping with blood, ravaged by wars, epidemics and famines. Later on, in retrospect, Serge's indictment of this period of Russian history was very harsh indeed: "The only problem which revolutionary Russia, *in all the*

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years from 1917 to 1923, utterly failed to consider was the problem of liberty." (italics mine). No, the "problem" was certainly "considered," but liberty became one of the first victims mortally hit by the avalanche of all the other "problems" which were descending with inexorable force upon the young Republic and threatening to engulf it completely. Serge's own truthful and despairing narrative provides all the evidence that in the "Year One" there was no chance, no possibility to translate into practice his—and the Bolsheviks'—high aspirations and hopes. "The Junkers' Mutiny," "The Cossacks March on Petrograd," "Socialism of the Counter-revolution," "Alcohol," "The Flames of Civil War," "Brest Litovsk," "The White Terror," "In the Face of Famine," "Intervention," "The Left SR Rising"—such are a few subheadings taken at random from Serge's book. Were there any nooks and crannies left in which "liberty" could survive?

Looking back on "Year One" of the revolution, the author was forced by the tragic impact of events to part with (or at least to suspend) his own anarchist bias. With unvarnished exactitude he reports on the murderous activities of the anarchists and on the manner they were dealt with. "Did some of the anarchists think of dealing the besieged Bolsheviks a death-stab in the back?" he asks. His answer follows: "I myself know that a little while previously a meeting of the leaders of the Anarchist Federation had been held at which the possibility of a rising against the Bolsheviks had been discussed." Several attacks, murders and acts of banditry

> *"led Dzerzhinsky, the President of the Cheka, to insist on the liquidation of the Black Guard. Five thousand Soviet troops took part in this operation, on the night of 11-12 April. The houses occupied by the anarchists and defended by their machine-guns were surrounded. The occupants were given twenty minutes to surrender. In several places there was bloodshed; artillery was used against the Anarchy Club; the siege of one libertarian citadel lasted ten hours. In this way, 27 houses were taken, 20 groups disarmed and 500 people arrested. The killed and wounded amounted to a few dozen. No anarchist known as such died in the course of this skirmish, which was followed neither by summary executions (as has been rumoured) nor by other rigorous measures. The daily newspaper* Anarkhiya *reappeared on the 21st with the headline: "Down with absolutism!"*

The main "operations" against the anarchists and "socialists of counter-revolution" were entrusted to the Extraordinary Commission, the Cheka, which in subsequent years, under various initials like GPU, NKVD, KGB, grew into the ubiquitous and murderous monster that became the symbol (and pillar) of Stalin's autocracy. In the "Year One" the Cheka, under Dzerzhinsky, a man of "ascetic honesty" and a "poet's ardour" had to protect the revolution from real, not imaginary, dangers, because, as Serge graphically puts it, "The soil of the young Republic was being thoroughly mined, in more senses than one." The number of parties bent on destroying the Bolsheviks, which Serge lists, was indeed stupendous: in March the SRs, Mensheviks, and Kadets set up a common League for Renewal; to the right of them were the monarchists and former officers; the Right SRs, who explicitly approved of foreign intervention; the Savinkov League and many other Save-the-Fatherland conspiracies. On the very day that Lenin was shot at and wounded in Moscow, Uritsky was killed; Volodarsky, another Bolshevik leader, had been murdered in June; and only accident helped Trotsky escape an attempt on his life. "External defence must be complemented by defence of the interior," states Serge firmly in his survey. And yet, later on, he projected the future onto the past and wrote in his *Memoirs,"* I believe that the formation of the Cheka was one of the gravest and most impermissible errors that the Bolshevik leaders committed in 1918, when plots, blockades, and interventions made them lose their heads." On Serge's own showing, without the formation of the Cheka many Bolshevik leaders would have "lost their heads" literally and not figuratively.

Red Guards in the Crimea: January 1918

The author of *Year One of the Russian Revolution* was not a professional or scholarly historian. This should not, however, detract from its significance for most readers. It is vividly, impressionistically written and conveys admirably the dense and tense atmosphere of the times. Myriads of Western authors writing about Soviet Russia concentrated their attention almost exclusively on the disasters and calamity of Stalinism or viewed pre-Stalin Russia with later events in mind, so that the true story of "Year One" has nearly passed into oblivion.

In July 1936 Trotsky wrote to Serge: "I fear that you have approached these problems in a manner which is too artistic, too psychological, that is to say, not sufficiently political." This is undoubtedly true, though in *Year One* Serge refrains from too much "psychologizing" and in this way offers some correctives to his later writings. He was, however, a novelist *par excellence* and *The Case of Comrade Tulayev* still remains his most brilliant work. ■

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THE ALMANAC

by Derek Shearer

Although workers' control of participation in the running of factories has been hotly debated in Europe, the issue has scarcely reached public consciousness in the U.S. Senator Kennedy recently announced that his labor subcommittee will attempt to obtain funds for a study of worker alienation and participation in America. Control over working conditions will be a negotiating issue this year for the United Auto Workers in bargaining with the auto companies. The business community has responded with talk about "job enrichment" and "raising productivity through increased worker responsibility."

People interested in this issue can now inform themselves with a new reader titled **Workers' Control: A Reader on Labor and Social Change**, edited by **Gerry Hunnius, David Garson** and **John Case** (Random House $10 hardcover, $2.95 paper). The book contains reports on workers' participation in **Sweden, West Germany** and **Israel**, as well as a description of workers self-management in **Yugoslavia**. Union officials and radical intellectuals survey the current state of collective bargaining and consider the possibilities for a workers' control movement in the U.S.

Two interesting and useful reports just issued by the U.S. government are relevant to the workers' control debate. A 211-page report titled **Work in America**, prepared for HEW by an independent panel of social scientists, states that unhappiness about the quality of work is widespread among workers and calls for a "redesign of jobs." It has just been published in paperback by MIT Press ($2.95). In the Senate, the **Subcommittee on Employment, Manpower and Poverty** recently held hearings on worker alienation, chaired by **Teddy Kennedy**, which included testimony by union leaders. Copies of the hearings, titled **Worker Alienation–1972** are available free by writing: Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare, Publications, Senate Office Bldg., Capitol Hill, Washington, D.C.

The **Institute for Workers' Control**, in England, publishes many books and pamphlets on the subject not readily available in the U.S. The Institute also puts out a regular **bulletin** on the workers' control movement and a **journal of international studies** on industrial democracy. (To get the Institute's mail order catalog, write: The Partisan Press, Bertrand Russell House, 45 Gamble St., Nottingham NG7 4ET, England. For return by air, include $1 for postage.)

Such unions as the **UAW**, the **Teamsters**, and the **Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers** have approached the question of industrial democracy by fighting around health and safety conditions. An excellent introduction to this subject is provided by **Franklin Wallick**, a columnist for the UAW newspaper, in his new book **The American Worker: An Endangered Species** (Ballantine $1.50 paper). Wallick exposes the lack of government and business concern over working conditions and proposes a Workers' Bill of Health Rights.

The **Medical Committee for Human Rights** has a group working on occupational health. (Write: MCHR Occupational Health Project, 2251 West Taylor, Chicago, Ill. 60612. Tel. (312) 243-4137.) **Urban Planning Aid**, in Cambridge, Mass., publishes a monthly bulletin on occupational health and safety available for $2 a year; they also have compiled three pamphlets: **A Unionists' Guide to the Occupational Safety and Health Act of 1970, How to Look at Your Plant**, and **Noise and Your Job**, available for 25 cents each. (Write Urban Planning Aid, 639 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass 02139. Tel. (617) 661-9220.)

The victory of the Miners for Democracy in the recent UMW election may signal a resurgence of militant, democratic working-class political activity. Two recent autobiographies by labor organizers provide insight into the problems of today's unions and give exciting accounts of the great organizing drives of the '30s. **Organize!**, by **Wyndham Mortimer** (Beacon Press $3.95 paper) focuses on the history of the UAW, and **Labor Radical**, by **Len De Caux** (Beacon Press $4.45 paper) tells about the development of the CIO from the vantage point of an insider. De Caux, who served as **John L. Lewis'** aide, was subsequently redbaited and expelled from his job during the anti-Communist witch hunts of the '50s.

I also highly recommend the new biography **Harry Bridges–The Rise and Fall of Radical Labor in the U.S.**, by **Charles P. Larrowe** (Lawrence Hill & Co., $3.95 paperback). It is particularly enlightening in describing the harassment of militant trade unionists by government and big business.

The best collection of articles on contemporary American working-class life and politics is the special Winter 1972 issue of **Dissent** magazine–titled **World of the Blue Collar Worker** and edited by **Irving Howe**. Quadrangle Books has published the special issue as a hardcover book ($8.95). In a less analytical vein, **Ralph Nader's Center for the Study of Responsive Law** has compiled in-depth portraits by **Kenneth Lasson** of nine blue-collar workers, under the title **The Workers** (Bantam $1.95 paper). And a series of informative articles by two **Washington Post** reporters, **Haynes Johnson** and **Nick Kotz** on the current state of unions has been published as **The Unions** (Pocket Books $1.25).

The **New England Free Press**, largest distributor of low-priced movement literature in the U.S., has available an extensive annotated bibliography, **Literature on the American Working Class**, for 15 cents a copy. The Free Press also publishes a wide variety of other pamphlets on the working class–the set of 40 costs $9.00. Ask for a copy of their complete literature list. **Radical America** magazine also publishes a good deal of literature on the working class. They will send a free copy of their catalog on request. (Write Radical America, 5 Upland Rd., Cambridge, Mass. 02140.)

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An upcoming column will concern research on power elites and political dynamics at the state and community level–how to do research as well as good examples of exposé and analysis. It would be helpful if people would send good, factual, hard-hitting articles on those subjects.

News of political work, including publications, films, slide shows, etc., should be addressed to Derek Shearer, RAMPARTS *magazine, 2054 University Ave., Berkeley, California 94704.*

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BOSTON HOSPITAL

(From page 24)

be approximately 40,000. The largest numbers of these excess deaths are those of non-white children. In Chicago alone, 600 black children die a medically unnecessary death each year. Thousands of those who do not die are nonetheless so badly damaged as to be physically stunted or else mentally retarded their entire lives.

In an important, but little-noted book, *Poverty and Mental Retardation,* Rodger Hurley, a research scholar from New Jersey, offers some calculations on the rate of infant malformation: Black children born in ghetto neighborhoods are twice as likely to be born premature as whites. An infant born premature is 16 times more likely to die during the neo-natal period. "If the premature infant does survive, he is . . . ten times more likely to become mentally retarded."

As to the level of health care, obstetric service or prenatal care afforded to poor mothers, Hurley notes: "In general service delivery clinics . . . quantity must of necessity take precedence over quality. This observation should not be understood as meaning that clinic service is tantamount to no service at all, but the quality of medical service one receives is directly related to the price one pays. For general service delivery the poor pay very little or nothing . . . They definitely get second-rate medical care."

Those in hospitals and medical schools frequently argue in self-defense that hospital service is of less importance in determination of the birth of low-weight babies (i.e., premature) than the character of prenatal care: "Look how these black and Puerto Rican women live. What do you ask of us?"

This is a sophisticated version of a racist and deceptive argument. No one disputes that social factors, a mother's health and her prenatal care, are of immense importance in gestation and delivery of a healthy child. These factors in themselves, however, represent essential and elemental areas of health care on the part of reputable hospitals. Hospitals in service of the white and well-to-do endeavor to assure the level of prenatal preparation. Ghetto hospitals like BCH, Cook County and Harlem Hospital do not assume, and never have assumed, a comparable level of concern. The refusal to do so, and the hesitation to report and publicize the reasons for this inexcusable inaction, cannot be separated from the overall breakdown of health service for poor people. It is one of several grim, yet casual, means by which the two-class health-care apparatus of this nation and this social order functions to degrade and brutalize those who are black and poor.

[*"The heart of the issue. . ."*]

I sat one evening, during the past winter, and spoke of the situation at Boston City Hospital with one of the elder statesmen of Boston's medical power structure.

"Who can deny it?" he said to me at length, in speaking of the sharp decline in patient care: "The total collapse in patient services at BCH follows the direct line of change in race and ethnic character. BCH was once a noble, world-renowned, and even brilliant medical institution; those were the days when it served mostly those of Yankee, Irish, Jewish and Italian origin. In the past 20 years, the ethnic character has shifted. There are less Irish, fewer Italians, almost no Jews at all. It has become a hospital for the untouchables—and it has become third-rate.

"I hate to say it because I love, and always have respected, BCH. I had my training there more than three decades back. I did my residence there also. I supervised the interns on the Harvard service. I led the medical students on Grand Rounds. I cannot even speak of BCH without a sense of sadness.

"There is still some excellent research going on. There are still large numbers of distinguished men and women working there in every field; but BCH is a ghetto dumping ground today. If racism in medicine means anything at all in 1972, then it means Boston City Hospital."

It can be expected, in the months ahead, that we shall be informed by those in power at BCH that the very problems we have here described are, *just at this moment,* in the process of correction. It is axiomatic, in a dangerous situation of this kind, that heated protestation is at all times neutralized, deflated and absorbed into the matrix of "ongoing processes" of simulated self-correction. The spotlight falls on insufficient supervision of poor patients in the larger wards: the hospital goes out and hires several hundred nurses to be present for the next arrival of the TV cameras. The gynecological and obstetric areas come under criticism: the hospital puts out several million dollars to obtain new technological devices, re-build contaminated areas, re-paint the corridors. The charge is made that BCH does not reflect the wishes of its client population: the mayor goes out and finds another well-known black or Puerto Rican to sit without protest, or in helpless protest, on the Trustee Board.

Each issue, so long as it bears violence potential, brings pacification equal to the danger. The larger issue, a two-class medical apparatus serving rich men and rich women in one setting, poor men and poor women in another, goes on unaltered.

Life and death, relief from pain, removal of tumors or removal of a womb, remain "consumer items." Some of us buy the best: at Massachusetts General, Beth Israel, Doctors' Hospital, or The Mayo Clinic. Others get cheaper stuff right off the racks: at Lincoln Hospital, Cook County, BCH. When cheap cloth tears, or zippers rip, the victimized buyer can at least resort to thread and needle, or go back and ask a rebate. When the unattended respirator comes unplugged, we do not have the chance to go back to the Board of Trustees and present our protest.

Short-run strategies in Boston, as in other cities, call for emergency shuttle runs from BCH to the more exclusive private clinics, hospitals and doctors' offices. They call, as well, for massive efforts at consumer education, above all to do battle with the extra-legal intimidation factors (psychological, cultural and ideological): factors which have power so often to hold back the ghetto poor from direct utilization of the services of first-class hospitals, even in situations where there is no legal or financial barrier. (The young director of Beth Israel, Mitchell Rabkin, for example, can show that legal barriers do not exclude poor people from his doors, nor excellent service once they get there. Even

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so, Beth Israel and the Lying-In remain the sanctuaries and possessions of rich people. Nor will they recognize that all their token gestures never can change the basic evil which exists in two distinct and geographically separated forms of service: one *primarily* for the ruling class, the other *exclusively* for its maids and menials.)

Radical protests, therefore, must raise far more fundamental issues: how much longer can this nation claim to be a democratic social order so long as life and death remain consumer items? What do such words as "equal opportunity" conceivably imply to thousands of kids who do not have an equal chance to see the fifth week of their lives. It is no exaggeration to state that those who die by consequence of second-class medicine in the United States are victims of institutional murder. Nothing can change until the men and women who now acquiesce in practices of this barbaric character can be compelled to be accountable for what they now endow, empower and attempt to whitewash.

Today, 18 blocks and the uncertain ethics of the North American medical profession mark off the distance between Boston Lying-In and Boston City Hospital. The one cannot exist without the other. The distance between them will never be spanned without a medical revolution that transforms them both. ■

DEATH ON THE YARD

(From page 40)

prison's inmates, a feeling attributed to the fact Scarborough rarely left the waiting and visiting rooms to work in the prison proper. Scarborough knew Bingham. He remembered him as the young radical lawyer who once brought in all that subversive literature.... Dan Scarborough wasn't about to bend over backward and be helpful. He denied Vanita Anderson's visit with Jackson because of a new prison regulation stipulating that legal investigators could only visit a client inmate once a week. She had seen Jackson a few days earlier. Scarborough denied Bingham's visit because there was "no prior authorization" for such a visit. He knew that Bingham was not Jackson's attorney of record. Bingham insisted that he had permission from Jackson's attorney, John Thorne, and an O.K. from Associate Warden James Park. Bingham asked to see Scarborough's supervisor, a raven-haired Irish lieutenant named Robert J. Milloy.

The two men, Bingham and Milloy, talked on the prison steps. After some moments, Milloy returned to tell Scarborough that Vanita Anderson was "denied for sure" but that Bingham could see Jackson if the attorney received approval for the visit from the associate warden. At noon, Milloy was relieved as the visiting room supervisor by Lieutenant William R. Sellmer. He briefed Sellmer on the Bingham/Jackson visiting situation. An hour later, Sellmer reached the associate warden by telephone at his home on the prison grounds. Park told Sellmer he concurred with the decision denying Vanita Anderson visiting privileges but said that Jackson's lawyer Thorne "had indicated that attorney Bingham had visited George Jackson on previous occasions and we go ahead and let him visit."

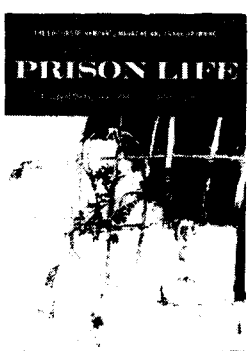
I got a visit and you guys aren't giving it to me," Jackson yelled in the Adjustment Center to two of the floor guards, Kenneth McCray and Urbano Ruciaco. Rubiaco, a tall, burly Chicano guard, had started working in the A/C only three days earlier.

It was to calm Jackson down that McCray twice called the visiting desk. After making the calls, McCray told Jackson that there were no visitors, even though he knew that two were waiting. He didn't want to anger Jackson by telling him that the visits had initially been denied.

At about 1 P.M. McCray received word that Jackson's visit had been approved. The black revolutionary was released from his cell, No. 6, and he walked down the North Tier corridor toward the sliding grill gate which opens to the foyer of the Adjustment Center. There, McCray and Rubiaco began the routine skin search. All of Jackson's clothing was removed. The guards went through his trousers, shirt, shoes and the four reddish-brown expando envelopes containing Jackson's

An Original Paperback

PRISON LIFE



A Study of the Explosive Conditions in America's Prisons

THE EDITORS OF RAMPARTS MAGAZINE AND FRANK BROWNING

"More and more Americans have discovered that our prison system not only fails to rehabilitate but instead it actually cultivates brutality. At the same time it becomes increasingly clear that the state and federal prisons are designed to serve as the final repository of all those who would vigorously oppose the fundamental nature of American policies."—from the introduction

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legal papers. They watched while he ran a "natural" comb through his hair, but they later claimed that they did not pay that much attention to Jackson's hair. Jackson was cleared for release from the A/C.

Outside the Adjustment Center front door, Jackson walked across the Portal Plaza area, a half acre of flower beds and walkways bounded by the A/C, the prison chapel building, two administration buildings and a gun balcony. After crossing the plaza, Jackson arrived at the "between gates," the main gate between the prison proper and the visiting room. He stood by for another search, this one by between-gates officer E. H. Fleming.

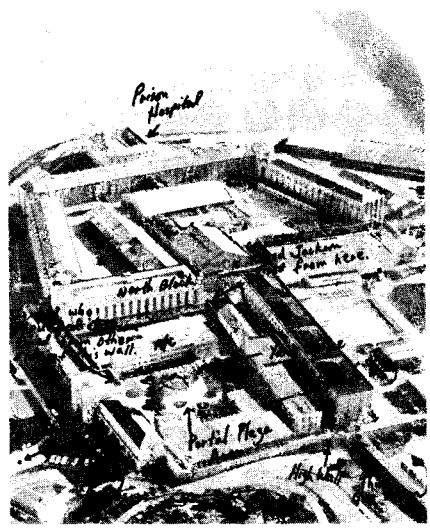
On the visitor's side of Room A, Sterling John Unangst, a relief guard, ushered Bingham in at about 1:20 P.M. "You can go in," he said to the attorney. Unangst said Bingham carried an attaché case in his left hand and a set of expando-type envelopes in his right. Unangst saw no tape recorder. Visiting Room A, roughly seven feet by six feet, is divided in the middle by a table. Affixed to the center of the side walls and dividing the room across the top is a metal screen which can be closed or opened during a visit. Guards said the screen was left open on this particular visit because Jackson was known as being "cooperative." This gesture by the guards meant that Bingham could have passed Jackson a gun in the visiting room. If guards had said the screen was closed, there would have been no way for Bingham to have passed a weapon to the black inmate.

First Unangst locked Bingham in. Then Fleming locked Jackson in. No one knows what went on between the two men in the room. . . . The visit concluded around 2:20 P.M. At the prison's East Gate, Lloyd Hine's visitors' register has it recorded that both Bingham and Vanita Anderson signed out at 2:30 P.M.

Notified that the visit was over, Officer Scarborough phoned over to the circular gazebo-like Yard Office located just outside the front door of the A/C and asked Carl Adams, the dispatcher there, to send an escort officer to return Jackson to the Adjustment Center. Adams sent Frank DeLeon, a stocky guard who would be dead in 30 minutes.

Curiously, Fleming, the between-gates officer, who usually searches inmates coming into and going out of the visiting room, was too busy to search Jackson prior to releasing him from the visiting area. "If the guy is escorted," Fleming explained later, "procedures are that the escorting officer will shake the man down thoroughly for his own security." Presumably DeLeon did so but he didn't live to tell about it. . . .

It is not clear what happened in the A/C in the moments immediately after Jackson was escorted back by DeLeon. Prison officials say guards noticed something unusual in Jackson's hair, forced the black con to remove a wig and then he cooly pulled a gun out from beneath the alleged wig. The surviving inmates in the A/C say the guards were holding a gun on Jackson and that Jackson took the gun away from them. In any event, at some point in time on that August 21, the inmates of the Adjustment Center took control of it. In the ensuing half hour, six white guards and two white inmates were dead or badly wounded. Three guards–Paul Krasenes, Frank DeLeon and Jere Graham–died. Two inmates–John Lynn and Ronald Kane–also died, while three other guards–Kenneth McCray, Charles Breckenridge and Urbano Rubiaco–suffered critical throat wounds, but survived. This excerpted narrative picks up with the sounding of emergency alarms throughout San Quentin.



RUSS REED/OAKLAND TRIBUNE

San Quentin State Prison

John George Frank, Jr., the man who would kill Jackson, was coming off duty as gun guard in the gymnasium. He was walking casually on an overhead gun rail walkway toward the A/C plaza area when he heard what sounded like a shot. "Sounds like a shot from Four Post [the Yard Office]," Frank said to another guard on the rail, and he started running toward the northwest corner of North Block, the housing wing adjacent to the A/C. He dropped to a prone position on the gun rail and aimed his 30/30 toward the yard. From his position, Frank commanded a view of a small part of the plaza and the "alley" which led past the chapel to the north wall. . . .

Frank Bortfeld . . . was manning the No. 1 gun balcony, about 15 feet over the plaza, with a Winchester 30/30. From his position, Bortfeld could cover the entire Portal Plaza, the Yard Office, the front side of the A/C and part of the alley. Two other gun guards were on the balcony with Bortfeld when they heard the shots. They watched Adams duck and run for the Yard Office. Over the gun balcony intercom they heard Adams' warning.

"He's got a gun. He's coming out," Bortfeld said to the two on the balcony. At that moment, the A/C door flew open and Jackson ran out, followed by Larry Spain. Jackson paused momentarily at the Yard Office. He could have gone inside and either wounded or killed the five guards who were inside. For some reason, he decided to run across the Portal Plaza and head down the alley toward the 30-foot-high north wall.

"Jackson halt!" Bortfeld shouted from the gun balcony.

Jackson pointed his gun straight up in the air and fired off one round. He continued to run. Bortfeld squeezed off a round as Jackson reached the midground between the A/C and the chapel. The bullet glanced off the sidewalk, not too far behind Jackson's heels. The ricochet caught Jackson in the left ankle and calf. The black inmate seemed to lose his footing, his weight sagging to his left side. But he straightened himself up and turned down the alley toward the north wall.

"I only had a split second to fire," Bortfeld said later, "and I knew he had to be stopped. So I aimed at his legs

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and fired and he seemed to stumble and pitch forward." Before the guard could fire again, Jackson had turned the corner of the chapel and disappeared from Bortfeld's view.

Jackson ran into the cross hairs of Frank's 30/30. When he came into the gym gunman's view, Jackson was in a crouched position, "as though he had lost his footing." Frank said Jackson then straightened himself out and "started going in a straight line" down the alley away from Frank. When Frank pulled the trigger, hitting Jackson in the back, the black revolutionary "fell on his face and stopped."

Like Bortfeld, Frank said he aimed at Jackson's legs. "The only thing I had to aim at was his legs." Each gunman said he fired only one shot. Other eyewitness guards said they heard more. Thorpe, for example, said he heard two shots fired from Frank's position.

William Carter, a former San Quentin inmate who was an eyewitness to the shooting from the fifth floor of North Block near Frank's position, said Jackson was already wounded, lying motionless on the pavement of the alley, when the last shot was fired into his body. Carter watched the body "lurch forward."

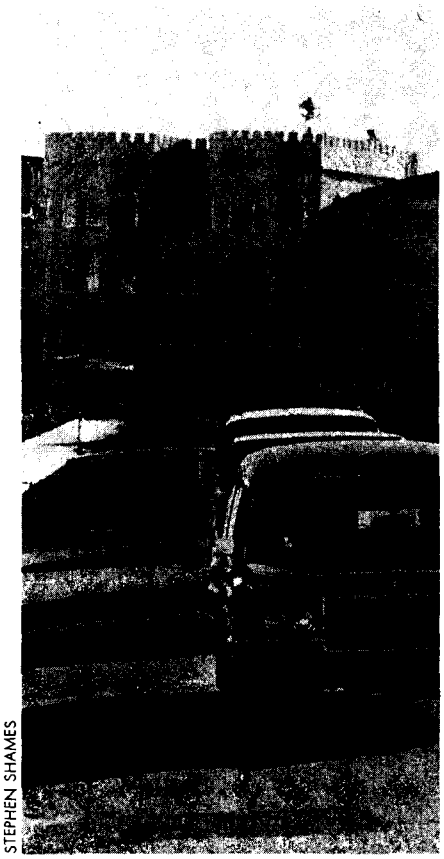
Hospital workers who arrived at the scene to help the wounded noticed that even after Jackson was dead, the guards handcuffed him and left his body to lie there for nearly six hours.

Larry Spain, who had dashed out with Jackson, had run a straight line across the plaza and jumped into the bushes in front of the chapel. "Look out," Adams yelled. "There's another one in the bushes." Before moving toward Spain, Adams took a quick glance toward the open door of the A/C. He could see about a half dozen other inmates making moves as if they were also going to run out of the A/C but each time they did so they backed up. The acting captain of the San Quentin guards, Lieutenant W.H. Dixon, made the same observation. "Keep them in the A/C," he yelled to Bortfeld, his balcony gunman.

Led by Adams, several guards cautiously approached the bushes where Spain was hiding and ordered him to come out with his hands on his head. Spain got to the pavement edge, where a guard picked him up and threw him roughly onto the plaza concrete. They thought Spain had a gun but when they searched him all they found was a black-taped test tube containing some heavy liquid. "Don't shake it or you'll blow us all up," Spain said quickly.

In addition to the gun, which another guard pried away from Jackson's right hand, Ziemer found an extra clip in Jackson's pocket and a test tube of heavy liquid. "For Christ's sake, get it out of the sun," Spain, now handcuffed, yelled when he saw the second vial. Guards took both of the vials and carefully placed them in a laundry basket outside the adjacent building. . . .

By now, dozens of guards had gathered in the plaza, armed with an array of weapons including .45 caliber submachine guns, shotguns, M-1s, and 30/30s, to rush the Adjustment Center. Believing that there still was another gun in the A/C, they moved in cautiously. The operation to clear the A/C was not unlike similar attacks they had been part of in house-to-house fighting in the cities of Europe and in search-and-destroy



STEPHEN SHAMES

Hearses leave San Quentin

U.S. Army reputation hits bottom. Disillusioned Colonel tells why.

While investigating the changing historical relationship between the American people and their Army, Col. George Walton, US Army Ret., explains why he feels there has been a serious breakdown of the military as an institution—and the grave consequences to both national defense and the internal security of this country that may result.

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THE TARNISHED SHIELD

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missions in the villages of Korea and Vietnam. Moving carefully and quickly, one guard ran into the kitchen. He provided cover with his M-1 while another dashed into the sergeant's office. A third guard covered the foyer from his belly-down position at the front door of the A/C. They could hear movement and voices on the south side of the building but the north side was bathed in silence. From the foyer they could see the vast pools of blood which swamped the front half of the north corridor. The guards inched down that side first. When they got a few feet down the corridor, John Lynn, the second white tier tender, tumbled out of cell No. 6, Jackson's cell. Both sides of his throat were cut. Lynn was trying to say that he couldn't breathe because too much blood had gotten into his lungs. "He was mumbling something," one guard said, "but I wasn't paying that much attention to him."

The guard detachment was more concerned about the fate of their fellow officers. Lieutenant Ziemer led the group into Jackson's cell. They were stunned by the macabre scene. Two guards wept. The others shook their heads mutely. "There are four dead officers in this cell," Ziemer screamed.

Sergeant Graham, who had gone into the A/C to check on his escorting officers, was dead. He was found sitting on Jackson's bed, his head high against the rear cell wall. There was a bullet wound on the top of his head, clearly visible through his crew cut, and stab wounds on his chest and abdomen. "Looked like the top of his head was blown off," a guard said, shuddering.

The other three guards were stacked on the floor of the cell. Frank DeLeon, who had escorted Jackson back from his visit with Bingham, was found partially stuffed under the bed in the cell, an earphone wire wrapped arund his neck, his face a deep purplish blue. "It looked like he had been judo-chopped on both sides of his head and under his nose and across his face and strangled," said a friend.

Paul Krasenes, partially under DeLeon's body, was in the middle of the stack. His face was smashed. His tongue was sticking out of his mouth, probably a result of the Spanish windlass garrote which guards found around his neck. A guard and a medical technical assistant jammed the tongue back in. Karsenes seemed to inhale a couple of times, then stopped breathing. On the way to the prison hospital, they tried to hold his mouth open and make him breathe. It was no use.

Ken McCray was alive, but barely. "Get me out of here," he whispered to Ziemer. "I'm drowning in the blood." "Get a gurney in here fast," Ziemer yelled. "McCray's still alive." They rushed McCray to the prison hospital and saved his life.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant William R. Sellmer, armed with a shotgun, and Lieutenant Richard A. Nelson, cradling a .45 Thompson submachine gun, had led a second group of guards to the South Tier corridor. From the foyer, they saw inmates darting from one cell to another and noticed a few arms waving from various other cells.

"Come out, one at a time," Sellmer ordered.

"Get out of the building. We got hostages," a voice answered.

"You ain't got shit," an officer rejoined. Then, turning to other guards nearby, he asked, "They ain't got hostages, have they? How many officers are missing?" A quick count determined that Rubiaco and Breckenridge were still missing.

"We have hostages, you motherfuckers," an inmate called from the quiet-cell area. "We're going to kill them."

Lieutenant Nelson fired a burst from the submachine gun down the corridor. Sellmer followed with a shotgun blast. "We're coming in after you," Nelson called out, "and when we come in after you, if you don't release those hostages, we'll kill you all."

"Fuck you, motherfuckers. We still have hostages and a gun."

Nelson fired another burst from the machine gun.

"We have hostages and they'll be dead."

Another burst of machine-gun fire raked the corridor. . . .

Rubiaco, alive, with his hands and feet tied and his throat slashed, heard the machine-gun fire. He had kept his head pinched against his chest to slow the bleeding from his throat. "I figured, well, I'm not going to sit here and die like a dog so I turned so I could see Breckenridge." It was the first time Ruby had lifted his head. He could see that Breckenridge had loosened his bonds. The redheaded guard tried to untie the sheet strippings which bound Rubiaco's legs but the process was slow. "We'll both get it if we stay here this long," Rubiaco said. The Chicano guard nodded toward a razor blade which had been left lying on the bed. Breckenridge tried the razor but the blade was too dull. "Let's go," Ruby kept urging. "We gotta go faster." Grabbing part of the Chicano's bonds, Breckenridge said, "There's only one way to do it—pull." Rubiaco's legs were freed.

Breckenridge started running toward the foyer. "Stop," the guards in front yelled. Dressed only in an undershirt and shorts and covered with blood, Breckenridge was not recognized by the guards in the front. Rubiaco was running behind Breckenridge but he fell down when he heard a shot fired over his head. Kicking his feet into the air, he tried to maneuver himself into a cell so he wouldn't be shot by his own men. By then, Breckenridge had been recognized and had made it to the front. "Rubiaco," the Chicano heard a voice call out, "it's all right. Come on out."

Rubiaco made it to the grille gate and fell at the feet of Sergeant J. T. Arms. "The motherfuckers have guns," he said. "Give me a gun," he begged Arms, "and I'll kill the motherfuckers." "Ruby," Arms said quietly, "let's get you out of here. We have 26 inmates loose in here.* Let's get you out." Two other guards led him out but Rubiaco continued cursing and screaming for his cuffs to be taken off and that he be given a gun.

With the escape, if it can be called that, of Rubiaco and Breckenridge, the prisoners no longer held hostages. . . . Nelson fired down the corridor once again.

"We're coming out," a voice called.

"O.K. One at a time with your hands on your head."

A black inmate stepped out of a

* The guard calculated incorrectly. Twenty-seven inmates had been released; twenty-five were inside the prison, Jackson and Spain were outside.

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quiet cell into the corridor. He was told to remove his clothes, put his hands on top of his head and walk backward down the corridor toward the foyer. When he reached a point about seven feet from the guards, he was ordered to turn around for a visual weapons check and told to back out of the grille gate into the foyer.

Others came forward. They were asked how many were left. "I don't know," was the usual reply. When they thought that all or nearly all were out, Nelson and his men began the careful process of checking each cell. They looked into 62, the one Rubiaco and Breckenridge had run out of. They only saw some boots, guards' uniforms and sheet stripping—and a lot of blood. Glancing into the next cell, 63, Nelson could see a pair of feet at the end of the bunk bed. He ordered the man out. There was no response. Nelson triggered a machine-gun burst into the cell, stepped inside the door and saw a white inmate who was either dead or dying. Ronald Kane lay on the bed with his throat cut. Nelson checked the few remaining cells on the corridor, firing a few protective bursts here and there, but he found no one else.

The Nelson squad walked around the foyer and began the same methodical search down the north corridor. The guards were still hearing "some voices on the tier." Again, they moved down the tier cautiously, firing machine gun bursts into various cells, until they came to No. 13, where they found the white inmate Gary Hetland. Hetland's cell door was locked and jammed shut. A guard called down to the prison fire station for bolt cutters to cut into the cell. Nelson told Hetland to back up toward the rear of the cell, remove his clothing, place his hands on the wall and stay put until ordered out. Hetland was only too glad to comply. Four cells away, the guards found that Glen Fisher's cell was in the same barricaded condition, jammed shut. Fisher was happy to see the guards. "They tried to get me too," he told them, raising his hands.

All of the inmates were taken outside to the plaza, where they were bound hand and foot and forced to lie naked on the grass near the A/C front door and the Yard Office. Many, of course, were roughly handled and beaten in the process. Things got so bad that Associate Warden Park had to warn his men that he did not want a "head-whipping party." A short distance away, Jackson's body lay in the afternoon sun.

The A/C was cleared.

RUSS REED/OAKLAND TRIBUNE

San Quentin Yard

Several days after Jackson's death, the A/C inmates had their own story to tell. It was an incomplete story but one that disputed the prison version. In a petition reportedly signed by all 26 inmates of the A/C, including the three surviving whites, Mancino, Hetland and Fisher, the prisoners charged that the warden, associate warden and guards killed George Jackson and conspired to murder those who refused to join in the conspiracy against Jackson. They declared that "unknown" officers opened their cell doors and ordered them to come from their cells. When they did so they heard gunshots or what sounded like gunshots and fled to other cells in the rear of the south corridor to avoid being shot. Then other guards, armed with machine guns and shotguns, entered the building and ordered the prisoners to come out or be killed. They were then told to take off all their clothes and walk from the cells one at a time and they complied, but after they did so they "received malicious physical beatings" from prison guards who wielded clubs, blackjacks and gun butts.

Fleeta Drumgo and John Clutchette, the two surviving Soledad Brothers, who would later be acquitted by an all-white jury of killing the guard at Soledad, penned separate affidavits stating they were burned with cigarettes and beaten. "You'll be dead in three days," one guard told Drumgo. "You're a dead nigger." Three days after the incident, when Drumgo and Clutchette appeared in court on what was supposed to be their first day of trial with Jackson, the two men could barely walk into the courtroom.* They told their defense lawyers, Richard Silver and Floyd Silliman, that they had been badly beaten. The attorneys asked the presiding judge, Carl Allen, to step down from the bench and examine the two defendants so he could see the bruises and burns himself. The lawyers wanted Allen to grant a cease-and-desist order stopping the beatings in San Quentin and a transfer order moving their clients from San Quentin to the county jail in San Francisco. Judge Allen refused to examine the defendants or to have a doctor examine them. With a swift motion of his hands, the judge turned down the defense motions. Drumgo quickly took off his shirt, baring a profusion of welts and bruises. The courtroom audience was stunned. Drumgo's mother, Inez Williams, wept, her loud cries of anguish filling the room. The judge threatened to have her removed.

During that courtroom session, John Clutchette hastily scribbled a note which was handed to me in the press section. The brief message made two points about Saturday's events: that Jackson was shot in the back and that the black revolutionary ran out of the Adjustment Center to draw gunfire away from the building, thus sacrificing his life to save his fellow inmates.

Was there a plot to kill George Jackson? Except for its own investigators, San Quentin has refused to show evidence to anyone. It has refused to allow any member of the

* The court proceedings were scheduled to start August 23. However, San Quentin officials did not appear in court with the accused. The court ordered them to do so on the following day. They did.

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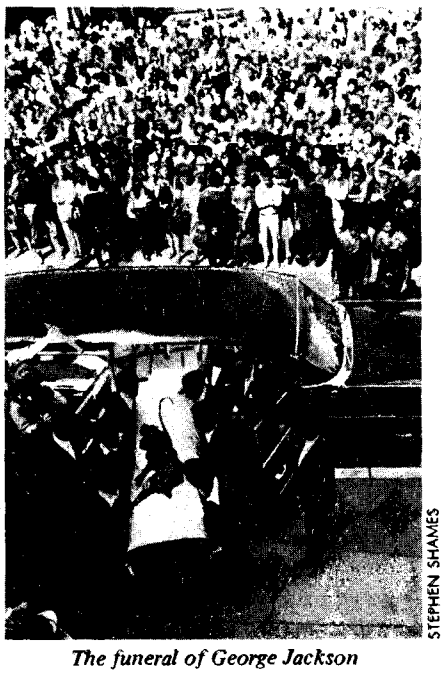
institution—guard, inmate or prison official—to talk with reporters, changing its rules on inmate interviews so that no prisoner can meet a reporter under any circumstances. It has barred access to the scene of the tragedy, the Adjustment Center itself, particularly during the time when prisoners were alleging, through their attorneys, that they were being brutally beaten. Nearly a week after the deaths, prison officials chose three reporters they were fond of and allowed them controlled but brief entry. With some hesitation and much couching of phrase, the reporters confirmed what the prisoners had said about being beaten. No one was allowed to talk about what happened.



STEPHEN SHAMES

The funeral of George Jackson

There are so many unanswered questions. Why are there no warrants out for the arrest of Vanita Anderson? Was she really there? Or was someone else there posing as Ms. Anderson? As for Bingham, there are strong indications that he is dead. His family has not heard from him. The F.B.I. and prison movement people seem to lean toward that possibility after a passage of nearly 20 months. This obviously leads to speculations as to who killed him and why but we have no hard and fast answers and this is not the place for conjecture.

On its own merits, the wig theory is at best implausible, at worst unbelievable. The San Francisco Chronicle *ran its own "test," using the same model gun and an Afro wig with a black model and found it simply would not work.*

Then there's the question of why George Jackson would invite almost certain death by bolting across an open, sunlit prison courtyard in an escape attempt after all the emergency alarms had been sounded, and without any means to scale the 25-foot wall that enclosed him, knowing that afterwards he would then have to run at least a quarter-mile to the prison's next barrier, a 12-foot-high chain-link fence topped with rows of barbed wire. The prison's unofficial answer is that Jackson had planned, once his timing had gone awry, to sprint into the visiting room and take hostages a la *the tragic Marin Courthouse attempt. Again, this is neither the space nor place to deal with the intricacies of such plots and counter-plots.*

A month after the San Quentin killings, the Marin County Grand Jury met and indicted Stephen Bingham and six inmates for the deaths of the three white guards and two white inmates and for assaults on the three other guards who survived. The six prisoners have come to be called the "San Quentin Six." They will be tried in the coming months.

Allan Mancino, one of the surviving white inmates in the San Quentin A/C, was supposed to have been a star witness in the upcoming trial. To protect him from prison retribution against snitches, the CDC had Mancino transferred to a Nevada prison. However, a year later, after Mancino was released on parole, he filed a damage suit against the prison, charging that the guards had brutally shot and beaten him and had coached every answer he gave to the state investigators. Everything was untrue, he declared, but he refused to say what actually did happen.

The surviving Soledad Brothers—Fleeta Drumgo and John Clutchette—were tried for the death of Soledad guard John Mills in the spring of 1972 and found innocent of all charges. When their acquittal was announced, the trial of Angela Davis was in its twenty-first day. After 49 days of trial and 13 hours of jury deliberation, she, too, was found innocent. Eventually, Clutchette was released on work furlough. Fleeta Drumgo is still is prison facing general murder conspiracy charges but only a single charge of assault on Officer Paul Krasene during the San Quentin tragedy. Ruchell Magee, as of this writing, is on trial in San Francisco for his involvement in the Marin Courthouse shootings.

Although part of the scenario of events is here and others are treated more fully in the book itself, some questions may never be resolved. More important, however, are the broader questions about the prison system, conditions within prisons, and the chain of tragedies which began on January 13, 1970. The specific events only highlight deeper problems—problems which began at Soledad with conditions of "a shocking and debased nature" as confirmed by a Federal Court; with bigoted guards who found it easy to practice both the subtler and the crasser forms of white racism; with the pitting of white against black to foment racial hostilities; with an inept and lethargic prison and correctional administration which didn't know and didn't care what happened outside its own air-conditioned offices; with judicial processes that supported racism and oppressive conditions in the prison system; with investigatory practices which sought out evidence to support guard theories and twisted the truth to prove them but found it easy to overlook, forget and suppress evidence to the contrary.

All these forces rushed to a cataclysm on January 13, 1970, when W. L. Nolen and two other black inmates were shot and killed. That was the beginning, the beginning of a series of inter-connected tragedies which tore apart the rather simplistic penal philosophy of the liberal prison reformers. That cataclysm seems to have no end. In the name of George Jackson, black revolutionaries have been blowing up CDC offices, raiding and attacking police stations and organizing a Black Liberation Army. Still, inside the prisons, little has been changed. State officials have declared their intentions of closing San Quentin, eventually. They have plans to build a "super prison" near San Diego. Prison strikes and riots continue unabated. Mass transfers of "political" prisoners have not changed or

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thwarted the inmates' demands for human dignity and simple justice. In effect, the prisoners have been pushed so far that it's become a shooting war. And like every such conflict, it will escalate until one side gives up or the issues which brought it about are resolved.

"This monster," George Jackson wrote in his book, Prison Letters, *"this monster they've engendered in me will return to torment its maker, from the grave, the pit, the profoundest pit. Hurl me into the next existence, the descent into hell won't turn me. I'll crawl back to dog his trail forever. They won't delay my revenge, never, never. I'm part of a righteous people who anger slowly, but rage undammed. We'll gather at his door in such a number that the rumbling of our feet will make the earth tremble. I'm going to charge them for this, 28 years without gratification. I'm going to charge them reparations in blood. I'm going to charge them like a maddened, wounded, rogue male elephant, ears flared, trunk railed, trumpet blaring. I'll do my dance on his chest, and the only thing he'll ever see in my eyes is a dagger to pierce his cruel heart. This is one nigger who is positively displeased. I'll never forgive. I'll never forget, and if I'm guilty of anything at all it's of not leaning on them hard enough. War without terms."* ■

STEPHEN SHAMES

George Jackson

ENDGAME IN VIETNAM

(From page 29)

In his press conference of January 24, Kissinger attempted to show that the U.S. government had achieved its long-term objectives. His reasoning deserves careful attention. He distinguishes the following issues: "one, is there such a thing as a South Vietnam even temporarily until unification; secondly, who is the legitimate ruler of South Vietnam? This is what the civil war has been all about. Thirdly, what is the demarcation line that separates North Vietnam from South Vietnam?" Noting that the January Agreements have "specific references to the sovereignty of South Vietnam" and "the right of the South Vietnamese people to self-determination," Kissinger alleged that "we have achieved substantial changes" from the October 9-Point plan announced by Radio Hanoi. This justifies the U.S. refusal to sign in October—and, by implication, U.S. military tactics since.

All of this is blatant deception. The October 9-Point plan explicitly provided for "the South Vietnamese people's right to self-determination" and stated that "the South Vietnamese people shall decide themselves the political future of South Vietnam" through free elections (Point 4). The January Agreement introduces no changes, substantial or otherwise, in this regard. Furthermore, the two plans are identical with respect to eventual reunification, "carried out step by step through peaceful means" (Point 5, October; Chapter V, Article 15, January). As for the status of the demarcation line, the Paris Agreements of January merely reiterate the wording of the Geneva Accords of 1954, in accordance with consistent public statements of the DRV and PRG.

Kissinger is attempting to confuse the issue of self-determination of South Vietnam (his issue one) with sovereignty within South Vietnam (issue two), bringing in the irrelevant matter of the DMZ (issue three) merely to becloud the matter further. The "enemy" has consistently taken the position with respect to issues one and three that Kissinger falsely claims the U.S. has now succeeded in introducing into the agreements. The second issue, as Kissinger perceives, is what the war has been "all about": namely, who is to be sovereign in South Vietnam.

Kissinger is pretending that, by recognizing the right of the South Vietnamese people to self-determination without external interference (in accordance with the DRV-PRG position), the Agreements grant the U.S. the right to recognize the sovereignty of the GVN as the "sole legitimate government" in the South. The Agreements, however, speak only of the "two parties" in the South, which are quite parallel and must reach agreement as to sovereignty within South Vietnam. The 9-Point plan of October named the two parties as the GVN and the PRG, and these are the two Southern parties that signed the 4-Party version of the January Agreements. When Kissinger speaks of the "civil war," he presumably intends his audience to understand "the war between North and South Vietnam." Similarly, in his news conference of Dec. 16, he presented the U.S. government position "that the two parts of Vietnam would live in peace with each other and that neither side would impose its solution on the other by force," and he claimed that this "modest requirement" was rejected by the other side. He slips easily from the notion of self-determination for the South Vietnamese people to the entirely different notion of sovereignty of the GVN as their sole legitimate government. He is attempting to give the impression that the "two parties" that must peacefully resolve their differences are North Vietnam and South Vietnam, whereas the Agreements make it plain that these two parties are the GVN and the PRG. To the extent that there is a "civil war," it is between these two parties. Having reached agreement, they are to move towards reunification with the North, peaceably, with no external interference, removing the provisional demarcation line at the 17th parallel, which is "not a political or territorial boundary."

[KISSINGER'S CHARADE]

There is no evidence to support Kissinger's contention that his "modest requirement" has ever been a bone of contention. As I have already indicated, his identification of

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the GVN as the sole legitimate government in South Vietnam is not only without support in the texts, but is in plain violation of their provisions. The original and always primary source of external interference in the internal affairs of South Vietnam has been the United States, and apparently this will continue to be the case. One might dismiss Kissinger's evasions as merely a childish display, were it not for the fact that they may represent official policy. Furthermore, the mass media seem to be taken in, and continue to present Kissinger's conclusions as though they had something to do with the facts.

Exactly the same charade was enacted in October. On October 26, Kissinger conceded that the Radio Hanoi broadcast of the 9-Point program gave "on the whole a very fair account." He then offered the following paraphrase: "As was pointed out by Radio Hanoi, the existing authorities with respect to both internal and external politics would remain in office." Although there is a studied ambiguity, the natural interpretation of his statement, made still more clear by the context, is that the GVN ("the existing authorities") will remain "in office" as the government of the South, and will deal somehow with the other "party," whose status remains mysterious. But this is not what "was pointed out by Radio Hanoi," which stated, rather, that "the two present administrations in South Vietnam will remain in existence with their respective domestic and external functions," going on to identify them as the GVN and PRG.

On the issue which Kissinger now correctly identifies as what the war has been "all about," he was offering a "paraphrase" which was sharply at variance with the broadcast that he conceded was accurate. Having rejected the central principle in the 9-Point program, he then went on to say that "peace is at hand." The reason for the deception was quite obvious at the time. On the eve of the election, Nixon was not willing to reject publicly an agreement which offered return of the POWs and a ceasefire. He preferred to delay any response to the DRV initiative until after the election, when he would have more leverage. The mass media, with characteristic docility, chose to believe that peace was at hand and to overlook the fact that Kissinger was clearly rejecting the central provision of the 9-Point plan. Now apologists lamely argue that Kissinger's statement that "peace is at hand" was a "signal" to the DRV that U.S. intentions were serious. A telephone call would have achieved the same result, without any mysterious "signals," had this been the intention.

In mid-December Kissinger announced that negotiations had broken down, blaming DRV intransigence and overlooking the fact that the DRV was publicly calling for signing of the 9-Point agreement. Typically, the mass media repeated this nonsense, and depicted poor Kissinger as caught between two irrational adversaries, Hanoi and Saigon. The terror bombing of urban centers in North Vietnam ensued. Though severe damage was caused, the tactic failed. The U.S. Air Force suffered substantial losses, and there were clear signs of resistance among B-52 pilots. Furthermore, there was an unanticipated and threatening international reaction. Nixon and Kissinger then formally accepted an agreement which is virtually identical to the 9-Points of October. But they continue to misrepresent the central terms of this Agreement in exactly the way they misrepresented the October plan, though more blatantly. The press remains obedient and silent.

The significance of these maneuvers becomes still more clear if we recall a little history. In 1962 the NLF announced its official program, which has not materially changed until this day. It proposed that South Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia form a neutral zone, and that "South Vietnam will follow an independent, sovereign foreign policy" with internal democratic freedoms and no external interference. Negotiations between the leaders of the "two zones" temporarily separated at Geneva in 1954 would lead to "step-by-step reunification," taking into account the different character of the two zones and observing the principle of "equality" and "non-annexation of one zone by the other." The U.S. government has been fighting for ten years to prevent the realization of this program, which it has now, in essence, formally accepted at Paris, while continuing to reject it in the Washington version of these Agreements.

It is quite obvious why the U.S. could not consider the NLF Program of 1962. Internal freedom in South Vietnam would have led to a political role for the NLF—in fact, a dominant role, if one accepts the assessment of high officials in the U.S. mission in Saigon in 1962 that about half the population supported the NLF (could George Washington have claimed as much?), while virtually no one supported the GVN. The U.S. government expert on the NLF, Douglas Pike, who gives the same estimate of NLF support in 1962, notes that "in September 1963 the NLF asked the United Nations for help in establishing a coalition government in South Vietnam similar to the one established in Laos" by the Geneva Agreements of 1962. "The NLF in mid-1964 put forth feelers for a proposal for what appeared to be an authentic coalition government" (Pike, *War, Peace and the Viet Cong*, p. 6; *Viet Cong*, pp. 359 ff. Substantial evidence that the NLF looked to the Laos settlement as a model, along the lines of their 1962

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program, is presented by Georges Chaffard, *Les deux guerres du Vietnam*). But, Pike continues, nothing came of these efforts. It was absurd to propose a coalition because the GVN feared that if it entered into a coalition with the NLF, "the whale would swallow the minnow."

We know from the Pentagon Papers that the great fear of American planners was that the NLF would achieve victory through the strategy of neutralization and political settlement. They understood that there was no way to nourish the minnow, so they undertook to destroy the whale with the systematic bombardment of South Vietnam, the outright invasion and occupation, and the "pacification" programs. North Vietnam was bombed in the hope that it would use its alleged "directive powers" to compel the NLF to desist. U.S. terror programs in the South continued with mounting ferocity through the Nixon Administration, which also substantially extended these efforts in Laos and then Cambodia. To cite merely one example, Operation Speedy Express in the Mekong Delta province of Kien Hoa in 1968 slaughtered 11,000 of the "enemy" with 748 weapons found in the area—a good indication of the nature of this operation in a province where there were few if any North Vietnamese soldiers. More than 120,000 people were "pacified," and "the fabric of society long established by the NLF was destroyed." Referring to the US 9th Division, which was responsible for these achievements, General Abrams said that "the performance of this division has been magnificent." Speedy Express is regarded as "one of the most representative—and most 'successful'—episodes in the history of the pacification in Vietnam" (Kevin Buckley, *Newsweek*, June 19, 1972).

The information about Speedy Express probably came from the late John Paul Vann. For some remarkable insight as to how the top Americans on the scene understood their mission, one should read a memorandum that Vann circulated privately in 1965. In it, he explains that a social revolution is in process, "primarily identified with the NLF," and that "a popular political base for the Government of South Vietnam does not now exist." Furthermore, the social revolution is a desirable one. But it would be "naive" to expect that "an unsophisticated, relatively illiterate rural population [will] recognize and oppose the evils of Communism." Therefore, the U.S. must institute "effective political indoctrination of the population" under an "autocratic government" maintained by the Americans. It would be immoral to permit the unsophisticated peasants to be trapped, unwary, in a web of evil that they cannot comprehend. Since, evidently, "the aspirations of the majority" can only be realized "through a non-Communist government," as decent responsible men we must help the majority to realize their aspirations, though they happen to be so benighted that their dissatisfaction "today is largely expressed through alliance with the NLF."

[THE AGREEMENT: WHY NOW?]

A similar analysis can be perceived throughout the historical record. To the likes of Dean Rusk, the Viet Minh were agents of foreign imperialism, while the French defended the territorial integrity of Indochina. Adlai Stevenson later condemned the Viet Cong for their "internal agression" against the legitimate government, installed by U.S. force. The Joint Chiefs of Staff went so far as to define "political warfare" as a form of aggression (Feb. 1955), revealing thereby a precise understanding of the basic position of the U.S. government.

For ten years Washington has struggled to prevent the realization of the NLF program, demolishing the society of South Vietnam in the process. Now it has signed the Paris Agreements that incorporate the essential features of this program. What has led to this renunciation—formal at least—of long-established policy?

The primary factor is the local situation in South Vietnam. U.S. ground combat forces have been withdrawn and the local forces organized by the U.S. military (ARVN) seem to be in fairly poor shape. Desertions have been reported to be running at more than 20,000 a month, the highest level of the war (Daniel Southerland, *Christian Science Monitor*, Nov. 28). ARVN has never found much enthusiasm for the American war, and the U.S. is in no position to undertake another post-Tet accelerated pacification program.

A second factor is the likely domestic and foreign response to further U.S. escalation. Pitifully slight in view of the circumstances, it has nevertheless always been an operative factor in constraining state violence.

Thirdly, the U.S. government may believe—rightly or wrongly—that its local affiliates are better prepared for a political confrontation than heretofore. The reasons are two-fold. There is, in the first place, an extensive police apparatus that has been effective in crushing dissidence. Though the Saigon government, in its enthusiasm, may have exaggerated the figures for Phoenix assassinations, there is no doubt that it has the capacity to conduct campaigns of repression and extermination. Secondly, though the minnow remains a minnow, still Washington believes, perhaps correctly, that it has severely wounded the whale. It believes that the political base of the NLF has been severely weakened in the course of the American war against the rural society—what is described in the West as the defense of South Vietnam against aggression. The success of the NLF, as such careful observers as Jeffrey Race have clearly shown, resulted from the appeal of its constructive programs to the population. The U.S. command may believe that these programs will not appeal in the same measure to a generation of refugees and Saigon cowboys. For years, the primary goal of the American effort has been to ensure that there do not exist any prospects for social and economic development that are rooted in the domestic society of South Vietnam itself, for if such prospects exist, they will be pursued and exploited by indigenous forces and the U.S. will lose control. U.S. policy was therefore directed to the destruction of the existing society, a process that is called "modernization" by the more cynical academic ideologues. This policy had to guarantee that the only hope for survival lies in a foreign-based economy, dominated by local associates of foreign powers, with social and cultural patterns oriented towards the needs and interests of the industrial societies. U.S. planners may believe that this goal has been partially attained

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through the massive terror of the past eight years. If so, this would be another factor that would lead them to risk a shift to the political arena, revising longstanding policy.

There is a final reason, of some importance, I believe. U.S. planners may feel that their international goals have been largely attained. Shortly after Geneva, 1954, Dulles explained that "investment [in] Viet-Nam justified even if only to buy time [to] build up strength elsewhere in area." The dominoes might topple, if Vietnam were lost. Why was Vietnam regarded as so vital? Obviously, not as a military threat. U.S. planners did not expect Ho Chi Minh to set out in a sampan to conquer Indonesia and Japan. Nor did they fear that a Communist victory in Vietnam would enhance the "militant and aggressive expansionist policy" attributed to China by CIA spokesman George Carver. On the contrary, the top-level analysis in late 1964, when U.S. escalation was being planned, predicted that a unified Vietnam under Communist leadership would have no ambitions beyond Indochina and would resume its "traditional hostility" towards China. What then was the mysterious mechanism by which "the rot would spread," if not military conquest? How would the dominoes topple, if not by military force?

What the planners feared, in their more rational moments, was what they called the "ideological threat"—more accurately, the demonstration effect. Successful social and economic development in Vietnam under Communist leadership might provide a model that would be adopted by indigenous mass movements elsewhere, toppling the dominoes, spreading the rot, leading to Japanese accomodation, etc. This version of the domino theory was not implausible, though naturally one must discount the version that was used effectively to terrorize U.S. public opinion: the Communists (or in LBJ's version, the poor people of the world) would soon be landing in San Francisco if we did not stop them in Vietnam; or as Eugene Rostow once explained, if we lose South Vietnam, an inexorable process will begin, ultimately reducing the U.S. to the status of Finland, almost the status of Poland, vis-à-vis the Soviet Union.

Now, however, the threat of successful social and economic development is lessened. The devastation of Indochina by U.S. terror has reduced the prospects for successes that would be quite meaningful for the Asian poor. Furthermore, the "second line of defense" has been strengthened—in the case of Japan, it has been strengthened a bit too much to suit some elements of the U.S. corporate elite. The belief that the American investment has paid off is expressed vividly by the editor of the *Far Eastern Economic Review* in his annual surveys of the region. He writes of "the ring of success stories in East and Southeast Asia," with the Japanese economy serving as "the main factor in pulling the region together and providing the shadowy outlines of a future co-prosperity sphere . . . and neatly complement[ing]" the economies of the region. "The U.S. presence in Vietnam has won time for Southeast Asia, allowing neighboring countries to build up their economies" and to counter subversion—along the lines of Indonesia and the Philippines. "American businessmen . . . are convinced of the potential of Asia and the Pacific Basin as the world's third largest and fastest growing market area" and are moving rapidly into the region. U.S. investment totals nearly 70 percent of all foreign investment in the region.

Whether the second line of defense will hold is, of course, another question. Recent events indicate that the local associates of the U.S. are none too secure about it. In the oldest U.S. satellite in the region, President Marcos declared martial law and rammed through a new constitution that gives him the authority to rule indefinitely. He explained that he had declared martial law in September "after consulting God and receiving 'several signs' from Him to act." "It seems as if I was being led and guided by some strange mind above me," Marcos announced (UPI, *NY Times*, Nov. 29). Earlier speculation had been that the "strange mind above him" was located in the American Embassy, but apparently it was God, or perhaps Marcos cannot distinguish between the two. It might be noted that God has taken a special interest in the Philippines for many years, since U.S. President William McKinley requested divine guidance in 1898. He reported that he had received divine authorization to proceed with the invasion of the Philippines, to fulfill his duty "to educate the Filipinos, and uplift and *civilize* and *Christianize* them, and by God's grace do the very best we could by them, as our fellowmen for whom Christ also died." Seventy-five years later, the true character of this enterprise is plain enough, just as the true meaning of the Truman Doctrine—"to support free peoples who are resisting attempted subjugation by armed minorities or by outside pressures"—is revealed by the state of freedom in Greece and Turkey today.

The Philippines followed a few weeks behind South Korea, where Park Chung Hee was granted virtually absolute power in a country that is almost entirely in the hands of U.S. and Japanese capital, and locally, in the hands of the Korean CIA—rather firmly, it appears.

The pattern is evident. It grows directly from the "Nixon-Kissinger doctrine," the principle that a conservative coalition of great powers will enforce global order, repressing movements of liberation or social change, operating through domestic collaborators who are provided with the most efficient tools of repression that can be devised.

Surveying the situation in East Asia, U.S. planners may feel that the investment in Vietnam has paid off, as Dulles and others hoped, and that they can risk abandoning Vietnam to its people.

[PRG ADVANTAGE]

The October 9-Point program, now in effect signed in Paris, differed in one significant respect from earlier PRG-DRV proposals: namely, it incorporated the U.S. demand that a cease-fire precede a political settlement. The reason for the change seems clear. After the "successes" of such post-Tet pacification programs as Operation Speedy Express, much of the countryside was under the effective control of the U.S.-imposed regime. For the PRG to have accepted a cease-fire in which the military and police forces of this regime

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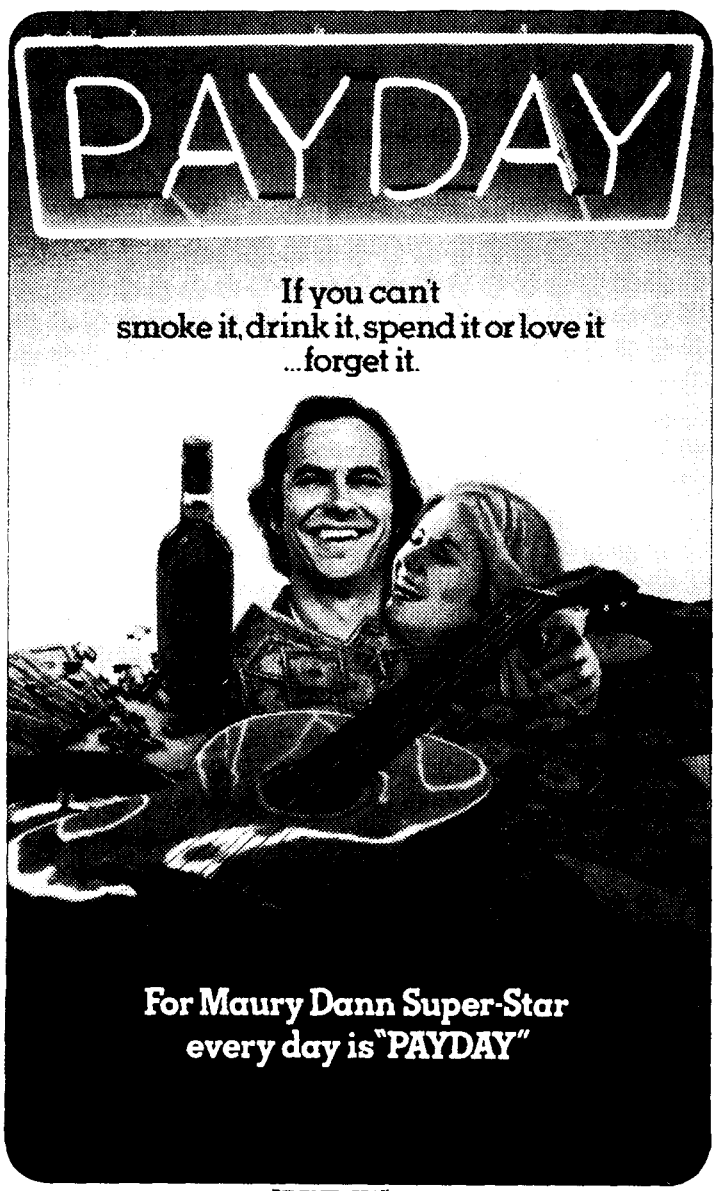
could operate freely would have been to surrender. By October, the situation in the South was quite different. The offensive had succeeded in drawing U.S.-ARVN forces away from settled areas, permitting the resistance to reconstitute its "infrastructure." The Saigon army was severely battered, and military forces of the PRG-DRV were in a position to give some protection to the indigenous political movement of South Vietnam. More generally, all military forces were undoubtedly weakened by the savage fighting and the colossal U.S. bombing attack. But it has always been clear to both sides that the conflict pits a massive U.S.-controlled military force with little political backing against an opponent that is politically powerful but relatively weak in military strength. As military forces are weakened, political strength—the comparative advantage of the "enemy"—becomes a more critical factor. Correspondingly, the PRG and DRV have much to gain if U.S. military force is effectively withdrawn and the terms of the Paris Agreements are more or less applied.

It has been widely argued that the PRG-DRV shift was motivated by Russian-Chinese pressure, a result of the successful Nixon-Kissinger great power diplomacy. Naturally, spokesmen for the Administration will offer this view, but although an argument can be constructed, it seems to me rather implausible. Whatever the intentions of China and Russia may be, the fact seems to be that supplies continued to flow relatively unimpeded to the DRV. Recent visitors and journalists in the DRV report no signs of shortages. NcNamara's analysts had predicted that mining of the harbors would have little effect on the flow of supplies, and it appears that they were correct. The changed situation in South Vietnam provides adequate grounds to explain the shift in negotiating position noted in the Hanoi radio broadcast of October 26 announcing the 9-Point plan.

While there is little reason to suppose that Russian-Chinese pressure impelled Hanoi to accept the Paris Agreements, nevertheless one should not mistake the intent of the Nixon-Kissinger diplomacy. The goal, plainly, is a coalition of great powers that will institutionalize the cold war system of imperial dominations with more rational controls, reducing the freedom of weaker states within the "spheres of influence" established by great power agreement. There is little novelty in this doctrine. In essence, it amounts to an agreement by the United States to accept the program advocated by Stalin at the end of World War II. It is possible that the PRG may suffer from the "successes" of this diplomacy. A concert of great powers may attempt to ratify the Washington version of the Paris Agreements. It is important to recognize that, in a sense, every state is a satellite of the U.S., in that they must recognize and somehow come to terms with the enormous power, military and economic, that the U.S. commands. The Vietnamese people exert no such international influence. Russia and China may determine, for their own reasons, that their best interests require them to adopt tacitly the American view that further efforts by the PRG to realize the terms of the Paris Agreements are a violation of the



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"status quo." It would be a romantic illusion to discount this possibility, though it may prove to be the case, once again, that the amazing resiliency of Vietnamese revolutionary nationalism will be the decisive factor.

The crucial question, at the moment, is whether the U.S. will adhere to the Paris Agreements or whether it will pursue its expressed intention of violating them. It is interesting that a propaganda basis is now being established to justify the inevitable claim that the Communists are responsible for violations of the cease-fire. Walt Rostow, in one of his numerous Op-Ed columns in the *NY Times,* suggests that the present situation is similar to that in Laos in 1954, when Communist forces regrouped in Sam Neua and Phong Saly provinces. He asserts categorically that "The International Control Commission created in 1954 was never permitted to enter these two provinces.... A unified independent Laos was never created" as a result of Communist political and military actions (*NY Times,* Jan. 12, 1973). Robert Shaplen comments that the ICC was "usually prevented by Indian doubts and Polish vetoes from taking any substantive action," suggesting that this was a primary cause in the breakdown of the Geneva arrangements for Indochina in 1954.

The facts are rather different. Within two months of its formation in October 1954, the ICC in Laos was conducting on-the-spot investigations at Nong Khang, the provisional capital of Sam Neua province. A U.S. Military Assistance Advisory Group was illegally introduced into Laos under the cover of the aid program, staffed by military officers in civilian clothes under the direction of the former chief of US MAAG in Pakistan. It controlled most of the "aid" funds and had direct channels of communication to Washington through the Pacific military command (CINCPAC). "A unified independent Laos was never created" because of U.S. subversion. The U.S. Ambassador admitted that he had struggled for 16 months to prevent a coalition, and when the Pathet Lao won an unexpected election victory in 1958, the government was quickly overthrown by CIA-backed right-wing groups after U.S. aid had been terminated, in accordance with the policy laid down in NSC 5612/1 of September 1956. By the fall of 1960, the U.S. was denying aid to the Souvanna Phouma government it still recognized, and the CIA and U.S. military were supporting extreme right-wing forces that were in open rebellion against this government. This was a period when Western journalists were reporting that the Pathet Lao would surely emerge victorious in anything resembling a free election.

Apart from the public statements of the U.S. government, the vast flow of military supplies to South Vietnam since October indicates a clear U.S. intention to remain in massive force. Pentagon officials "estimate that it will take ... up to two years ... to train pilots, engineers and electronic specialists needed by the augmented Air Force," which is expected to have the capacity to provide air support at almost the level of U.S. Air support, according to USAF officers (*US News and World Report,* Nov. 27). American officials in Saigon are reported to be "secretly planning a major postwar presence of United States civilians in Vietnam, with many of them doing jobs formerly done by the military." A spokesman for the U.S. military command refused to supply details, saying: "It's just not in the national interest to have these things known." Spokesmen for companies contracting for this work also state that the DOD has forbidden them to talk about it (Fox Butterfield, *NY Times,* Nov. 27, 1972). In addition, there will be AID, CORDS (the quasi-military pacification advisers), and a CIA contingent of unknown size, which may use an AID cover as it has in Laos since the 1962 Geneva Agreements. The CIA may well seek to employ its inter-Asian mercenary army, alongside the quasi-mercenary army of the Saigon regime. No serious observer can feel any confidence that the U.S. will renounce the general policy of subversion and illegal use of force against local Communist "rebellion" in Indochina and throughout East Asia, as laid down in secret immediately after the Geneva Agreements of 1954 (Aug. 20, 1954; NSC 549/2, Government edition of the Pentagon Papers, book 10, p. 731f).

One final point. Suppose that Western force actually is withdrawn from Indochina. There is little doubt that the struggle will quickly be joined elsewhere, at the second line of defense, where U.S. and Japanese investment and interest are expanding in this area of considerable economic and "strategic" importance. The struggle for national liberation and social change in the Far East and elsewhere will continue, and it will be resisted by imperial force. Apologists will speak of "defense of the Four Freedoms." The facts will speak of something else. What will happen within the advanced industrial societies is far from clear, but there is little doubt that it will have a significant, possibly decisive, impact on these inevitable conflicts. ■

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